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LETTER FROM COL. CHARLES E. MOSS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

IT seems that our Republican Members of Congress are determined their reputation for avoiding facing with courage the responsibilities of the hour shall not suffer. Hence they meet and adjourn with as much unconcern as if, instead of providing promptly for the safety of the Nation, that was their legitimate duty, and as if the lives of loyal men did not depend upon their speedy action.

There never has been in the history of the Nation a time when a business session was more imperatively needed than the present, and never a time when the trusted of the people seem more reluctant and fearful of entering upon the work given them to do. The XLth Congress was elected to remove the Rebel at the White House, and complete the work of reconstructing the Republic in harmony with the radical Democratic tendencies of the age. That work is not yet accomplished, and worse than all, scarcely commenced. Impeachment failed on its first trial, and now seems abandoned forever. The reconstruction of the Republic by proper amendment of the National Constitution is not yet even proposed, and the consequence is anarchy and bloodshed prevail all over the States recently in rebellion. This state of affairs will and must continue until universal suffrage is incorporated into the National organic law.

There is very little reason to expect much of Congress in October, but there can be no shadow of excuse for a failure to meet and impeach President Johnson in November. The monstrous doctrines sanctioned in the finding the President not guilty in the recent trial before the Senate must be reversed before the inauguration of Gen. Grant, or the American people will hold the Republican party responsible for hypocritically conniving at his acquittal. No valid excuse can be framed by Republican members of the House for not coming together on the tenth of November next and voting new Articles of Impeachment against the President. The Senate as now constituted would be certain to convict and remove him, and the Radical element of the Republican party, now constituting two-thirds of its voters and all its life, activity, enthusiasm, conscience and soul, demand the accomplishment of that result as the price of a continued support. The independence of the National Legislature and the safety of Democratic institutions have been endangered by the acquittal of a criminal Executive under a monstrous claim of Constitutional right to refuse to obey laws Constitutionally passed until a Supreme Court pronounces them valid, and every true friend of Liberty in the Republic, believes it the highest duty of Congress to immediately arraign him again for trial before the Senate. The future existence of the Republican party and its continuance in National rule depends upon such action.

If the Republican party does not after its successes in the election muster up courage to break down the usurpations of a corrupt Executive and secure the independence and supreme control of the Legislative branch of the government it will prove itself utterly unworthy of any further tolerance in power, and the time will have arrived for the radical element to cut loose from it and organize a new party with pluck to dare and sagacity to perceive the necessities of the hour. The American people are determined upon a government of law, and that all persons from the Chief Executive down to the lowest vagabond in the streets should be made to obey that law. They are also resolved that the Chief Executive shall execute every law constitutionally passed by Congress or be hurled from his seat, and it will be well for Congress to bear that in mind the coming winter.

I notice some conservative politician in writing from Washington states Grant is opposed to universal suffrage and will, when elected, throw himself into the hands of the Conservatives and give his administration a conservative direction. It may answer for Conservatives to thus talk and write and they may be just stupid enough to believe such nonsense. Gen. Grant cannot sustain himself three months in a conservative position. The radical element of the Nation is too strong to permit any President elected by loyal votes to turn conservative or fail to carry out a thoroughly radical policy. Andrew Johnson failed under much more favorable circumstances for such a course than now or hereafter will surround Gen. Grant. Let Gen. Grant once come into collision with the radicalism of the Nation and he will become as odious to the people as Andrew Johnson has become. The only sure pathway to peace and a successful administration is a radical one, and Gen. Grant has sense enough to see and travel it.

I have no fears of the triumph of radical ideas under the administration of Gen. Grant. A power stronger than Grant or the politicians holds the destiny of this Nation in its hands, and that is the irresistable might of justice and truth outspoken in the radical utterances of the Phillips' and men of earnest deep convictions, and that Gen. Grant will either willingly or unwillingly learn within six months after his inauguration.

The readers of THE STANDARD know well I have not been one of those who desired the nomination of Gen. Grant. I desired a statesman of thorough radical views like Ben, Wade, Gen. Fremont or Ben. Buttler to lead the hosts of freedom in this contest. I feared Grant's West Point sympathies would lead him into the embrace of the Conservative Republicans. But his conduct since the nomination has done much to disarm me of those prejudices. He, in fact, has satisfied me that he possesses more traits of the true Democrat than any of our Statesmen; unostentatious, modest and retiring, he every day refuses honors and demonstrations that would turn the heads of most of our public men. His Western trip would have been continual ovation, and men would have turned out by the acre to honor him had he permitted it. Refusing to be publicly honored, he quietly wended his way to the end of his journey and visited his old neighbors and acquaintances in all the simplicity and freedom of a plain private citizen. In that trip he has satisfied me that when elected he will carry into the White House the plain Democratic simplicity of manner that made Thomas Jefferson the idol of the American people. His quiet demeanor and unassuming dignity leads me to believe he will give the Nation a live, vigorous and thoroughly radical Democratic administration the next four years. He will be certain to crush out what remains of the rebellion, and strengthen the Union in the hopes and affections of the people. Radicalism has everything to hope and nothing to fear from him; radicals should give him a warm support and place themselves in a position to dictate the policy of his administration.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

THE SOUTH.

THE REBELLION IN GEORGIA.

COLORED MEN EXCLUDED FROM THE JURY BOX—THE HOUSE RECONSIDER THEIR ACTION—THE NEWS FROM MAINE AND ITS EFFECT—ANOTHER COLORED MEMBER EXPELLED—WHAT WILL BE DONE NEXT—THE KU-KLUX BUSY—THE REMANDING OF GEORGIA TO MILITARY GOVERNMENT—THE STATUS OF HER SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES.

From the Tribune's Special Correspondent.

ATLANTA, Sept. 15th, 1868.

THE House yesterday took another step toward the culmination of the counter-revolution which is in such rapid progress in this State. A bill was passed adopting the jury system of the old Slave Code, which forbids colored men sitting upon juries. This is practically denying to the colored citizen the right of trial by jury, for, while the prejudice of race remains so potent, he can have no justice in a suit with a white man; and the freedman is worse off, when accused of crime, than was the slave, for the latter was too valuable a piece of property to be wasted in hanging, while the freedman is the property of nobody but himself. The proceeding was in violation of the very Constitution from which this Legislature derives its existence and power to make laws, for that document prescribes but one criterion by which juries shall be selected, to wit: intelligence and uprightness, while the old system, perpetuated yesterday, establishes quite a different test, to wit: color. The Constitution says: "The General Assembly shall provide by law for the selection of upright and intelligent persons to serve as jurors," but the Code declares that such jurors shall be "*white* male citizens, above the age of twenty-one years." Ignoring the supreme law of the Constitution, the Legislature adopted the old slave law, rendered obsolete by its inconsistency with the Constitution. A motion to amend, by providing that nothing in this act should disqualify any person from serving as a juror on account of race or color, was promptly voted down; so the Georgia Legislature, in the most solemn manner, declared that a colored man, no matter how upright or intelligent, shall be excluded from the jury-box, and should be compelled to commit the custody of his life, liberty, and property to the white juries, no matter how ignorant or depraved they may be. Thus two vast strides have been made toward the disfranchisement of the colored man—he has been prohibited from holding office; he has been excluded from the jury-box—it only remains to exclude them from the ballot-box. The bill was passed by a vote of 87 to 24, some dough-faced Republicans dodging or voting with the majority.

THE RECONSIDERATION AND ITS CAUSE.

But something occurred last night which naturally modified the views of the unterrified Democracy. Notwithstanding the large vote by which the bill was passed yesterday, a motion to reconsider prevailed this morning by some 14 majority. Whether the mysterious influence which thus urged the "unterrified" to repentance was the accounts of the Maine election which arrived last night, cannot positively be asserted, but it is difficult to ascribe any other cause for this sudden retrogression. The vastly increased Republican majority in Maine was an indication to some that, sooner or later, the conspirators against the National authority were to be called to account for their wrong doing. They cannot shut their eyes to the signs that the great heart of the loyal North still pulsates with patriotic vigor. They cannot conceal from themselves that the vaticinations of their political prophets are turning out to be lies, yet it seems that the madness that precedes destruction still held its sway over them, and though the thunder from Maine may have for a moment startled them in their suicidal career, and caused them to review the action on the Jury bill, they quickly recovered their audacity, and proceeded with

THE EXPULSION OF THE REMAINING COLORED MEMBERS.

Fyall, who claims to be a Frenchman, was the first to be guillotined, and the Chairman of the Committee on Pedigrees (as it should be called) reported "that Fyall, having more than one-eight negro blood in his veins, was ineligible to a seat, and that the clerk strike his name from the roll." Mr. Bryant asked for the testimony, which was read. It consisted of Fyall's own oath, who testified that his father and mother were both white, and French people. The other witness before the Committee was Mr. Alley, who swore that he knew Fyall's father and mother before Fyall was born; his mother was a mulatto, etc.

Now, the above is a correct condensation of the journals of the House, as published in the Democratic papers here. It is the case as made by the Democracy itself. Fyall's oath is partly offset by Alley's, who swore that he knew Fyall's father and mother before he was born. Fyall is 47 years old, and Alley is apparently a much younger man. But, disregarding this flaw in the evidence, let it be noticed that the gist of the accusation is that Fyall *has more than one-eighth negro blood in his veins.* Nothing else is alleged against him.

It is useless to go over the arguments made by the defence; they have been repeated even to tiresomeness. It is sufficient to say that Fyall was expelled by a vote of 92 yeas. There were no nays, as the Republicans refused to vote, as voting would be useless against a majority who had determined the case even before it was tried, and several members were excused from voting on the ground that they were not sure that Fyall was not a white man. The other three colored members will share the same fate. That's the way we do things in the Georgia Legislature. The men who helped to make the Constitution are not thought fit to make the laws.

THE DESIGNS OF THE REBELS.

The revolutionists have displayed their animus in all these proceedings. They are determined, as much as in them lies, to nullify the laws of Congress, and to reduce the negro as near to his normal condition of Slavery as possible. The next proceeding will be so to restrict the suffrage as to render it practically valueless to the colored citizen. They expect, by aid of their banditti, who go about beating and murdering the negroes, to make them disgusted with their newly acquired rights, and desirous to return to the protection of their former owners. The outrages committed upon the blacks are horrible, and are multiplying every day, while no notice is taken of them by the civil officials, and the Governor has no power to punish or restrain. I have before me a letter giving the details of the outrages in a single week in one of the least populous counties in the State. Says the letter: "The negro who was so badly whipped by the Ku-Klux died yesterday. They gave him over 1,000 lashes. A negro was killed at Mr. A——'s plantation last night. A man and his wife were cruelly beaten below town, a few nights since. The man was stripped naked, and was so badly beaten that he was unable to get home till next day. He and his wife are badly off. A negro man was killed near here last night. It seemed this man had been threatened two weeks ago, and had come to town for protection and stayed here till yesterday, when they sent for him to come home—there was no danger. They killed the poor fellow before he got home. To juries composed of these murderers this Legislature would commit the lives and rights of the colored citizen. The Associated Press, that disseminator of lies, blazons forth its dispatches all over the country whenever a negro commits some outbreak or crime, but has not a word to say of the thousand villainies perpetrated by the whites upon the defenceless negro."

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

Amid all these scenes of violence and anarchy, reflecting Republicans begin to inquire: Were we not too hasty in adopting the Fourteenth Amendment, and placing this State in the Union? Would it not have been better that we should have remained under military law, which, forbearing and lax as it was, yet inspired some respect? Talk as men may about Republicanism and Democracy, no government can perform the functions of a government without physical force to back it. With all Gov. Bullock's anxious desire and unwearied effort to protect every citizen in the enjoyment of his rights and liberties, he is almost powerless, because he is not backed by force or the prestige of force. He has not an armed man at his command; he has not a Sheriff's *posse* he can depend upon indeed but very few Sheriffs; he has no militia, and cannot embody a militia save by the sanction of a Democratic Legislature, whose motto is: "Let Discord reign forever," if discord conduce to their ends. But if you will put 5,000 regular soldiers under the Governor's direction, you will soon see peace and law prevail, and a state of things very different from the present.

IS GEORGIA IN THE UNION?

But it will be answered that Georgia is now a State of the Union, and cannot be subjected to military law, or demand aid from the General Government, except in case of open insurrection. Aside from the question, answered by recent facts, whether Georgia has not flagrantly violated the terms upon which she was received back into the Union, it is questionable on other grounds, and some of them of her own choosing, whether she is in full fellowship with her loyal sisters. It is said that she has adopted the Fourteenth Amendment, that she has elected Senators and Representatives to the Congress of the United States, who have been received, and therefore it is too late to turn out her Representatives, to say she is out of the Union, and to deny her status as a State. Let us briefly give the arguments used by Republicans here: Leaving out of consideration the question as to the legality of the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, and whether she has not, by recent acts, nullified that adoption by secret acts violative of it, and of the Reconstruction acts, let us consider whether the United States Congress cannot rightfully retract its action in the reception of the Representatives from Georgia, and the greatest difficulty in the way of remanding the State to military government appears to be the apparent impossibility of turning her Representatives out of Congress, but if it can be shown that they were unwarrantably received, the difficulty vanishes. They were elected under military law at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, which made Georgia a State in the Union, and before its ratification by Congress, which gave it force and vitality. They were commissioned by, or in other words, received their certificates from the military commander of the district, which is authority unknown to the Constitution of the United States, or of the State. They thus represent the military district, not the State. They presented themselves and were received, by virtue of that military authority, when at that very time there existed in the State they profess to represent rightful civil authority known to the Constitution and laws, whose commission they should have presented, but could not or did not. As far as constitutions, laws, and unvarying usage were concerned, these representatives were received into Congress irregularly, and in a manner unknown to the law. They had, constitutionally and legally, no more right to represent Georgia than they had to represent the Territory of Alaska, because Georgia was not at the time of their election a State in the Union, and the defects of their election were not caused by the acquiescence and commission of her legal civil authorities. I am only attempting to obviate the difficulties that present themselves to remanding Georgia to military authority—difficulties which apparently have arisen from the reception of her "so-called" Representatives by Congress and the asserted impossibility of retracting that step.

THE SENATORS.

As to the United States Senators elect, the case is still stronger. Not only does the same objection apply to them—that Georgia has violated the conditions upon which she was entitled to representation in the Congress—but the difficulty is less in their case, because they have not yet presented themselves, or been recognized by the Senate. Besides, the Georgia Legislature has solemnly declared that the body which elected them and ratified the Fourteenth Amendment was an illegal organization, because it contained 29 negroes who had no right to seats because of their color, a number more than the majority by which the Senators were elected. It is true that the irrepressible "code" which goes in and out of force whenever it suits the Democracy—like the thimble-riggers pea, "now you see it and now you dont"—declares that the acts of officers *de facto*, although ineligible, shall be valid while they are in office; but, although that provision unquestionably validates the acts of the expelled members, while they sat as legislators, so far as State and local matters are concerned, it may not cure the defects in the election of United States Senators, who are not merely officials of Georgia, but of the United States. They, it is true, hold their commissions from the regularly elected Governor of Georgia, and not from the military commander of the district, and therein are in a better position than the Representatives; but is it not competent for the United States Senate to say, when they present themselves for admission, you were elected by a body which your own Legislature has made illegal, and Georgia has not yet complied with the conditions upon which she was promised admission into the Union, or she has violated those conditions; she is not yet a State, and until Congress has legalized her Legislature you are not Senators.

I have only presented above the arguments used among those Republicans who think we and Congress have too incautiously hastened to adopt the conditions of Reconstruction before danger of the violation of the contract had passed away. Such men see no other hope for peace and permanent security for life and property except in the vigorous interference of Congress, but who yet fear that an immediate session of Congress would be productive of harm to the cause of the whole country without corresponding good to themselves.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

MAJOR O. O. HOWARD'S ACCOUNT OF THE SANGUINARY RIOT AT CAMILLA, GA.

ATLANTA, Sept, 22d, 1868.

O. O. HOWARD, Brevet Major of the United States army, and sub-assistant of the Freedmen's Bureau, telegraphed to Gen. Sibley, commander of the district, the following from Albany, Sept. 19th, at 10 o'clock p. m.:

Ismael Limnor, a freedman, reported himself directly from Camilla, Mitchell County, saying that he had left there at 2 o'clock that afternoon. That in the forenoon of that day he had approached Camilla with John Murphy, William R. Pearce, candidate for Congress for the IId District, and F. F. Putney White, and about 75 colored persons, all on the way to Camilla, where Pearce and Murphy were to deliver a political address. On approaching Camilla the relator, being in advance, was accosted by *an armed and mounted white man*, who at first said that he was in search of a doctor to attend freedmen who had been hurt by a falling tree, but who subsequently said he was a courier, and advised the relator and others of the party who had overtaken him not to go to town; *that people there were determined that Radicals should not speak in Camilla;* that notwithstanding the warning, the party moved toward Camilla, when they were met by the Sheriff and *posse* who accosted Capt. Pearce, and who was assured by Capt. Pearce that he should speak in Camilla on political subjects. The Sheriff endeavored to dissuade him, telling him the *people would not permit it.* The Sheriff then went back into Camilla, and again returned, saying he had done all in his power to dissuade *the people from violence, but in vain.* The party moved on to town. Pearce and Putney entered the town, dismounted and hitched their horses at the Court-House. As the wagon containing the music of the party entered town, *it was fired upon by mounted white men* who had first accosted him, and by several other white men; the freedmen then started to escape to the woods; Pearce attempted to rally them, calling on them not to fly; *the colored men being unarmed would not stop.* The relator, being mounted, dashed out of town past the freedmen on foot and past the musicians who had abandoned the wagon; Murphy and Philip Joiner, in a buggy, also drove rapidly away toward Albany; when about seven miles from Camilla, the buggy, containing Murphy and Joiner, was overtaken by four or five white men *mounted and armed.* The buggy was stopped. One horse dashed riderless up the road toward the relator. He saw the pursuers around the buggy, some of them dismounted. He then came as rapidly as possibly to Albany.

AFFIDAVIT OF THE SHERIFF OF MITCHELL COUNTY.

The following is the affidavit of the Sheriff of Mitchell County, sworn to by himself and other prominent citizens. It is addressed to the members of the Legislature:

"On Saturday, the 19th instant, it was made known to the citizens that John Murphy of Albany, Georgia, had issued a circular and secretly circulated the same among the colored men of this county, ordering them to bring their arms with them to a political meeting advertised for that day at this place. The information was corroborated by statements made by Robert Cochran, Sr., Thomas Jones, and others, who came from the road in the direction of Albany, stating that armed negroes were assembling in large numbers in China Grove Church, waiting for the delegation from Albany, headed by the said Murphy and Pearce, candidates for Congress, who were to be the speakers on the occasion. At the request of the citizens M. J. Poor, the Sheriff, with a committee of six citizens went out to meet said procession and protest against armed negroes being marched in procession in our town and to state to them distinctly that if they would put down their arms no objection would be made to their entering the town and holding their political meeting. The Sheriff delivered this message to Murphy and Pearce, the leaders of the procession, and they replied that they had nothing to do with these armed men, the guns belonged to them, and they were in the habit of carrying them wherever they went. The Sheriff replied, as a peace officer it was his duty, under the law, to forbid the assemblage of armed men at political meetings, and assured them that if they entered the town with their music and banners, followed by armed men, as they then were, that there would be a breach of the peace, and that he would not be responsible for the consequences. Shortly afterward the column moved into the town in regular order, headed by Pearce, the candidate for Congress and one Putney (white), in a buggy, armed with a double-barreled shot-gun, a Spencer rifle, and two pistols, with a quantity of ammunition, as was afterward ascertained; next a four-horse wagon containing a band and a number of armed negroes; next followed a column of negro men on foot, of between 300 and 400, attended by about 20 outriders. At least one-half, if not two-thirds, were armed with guns, and most of them with pistols. The music was playing, and the crowd were noisy and threatening in their conduct. Murphy and one Phillip Joiner, a negro, were in a buggy in the rear. As the head of the column approached the square, one of our citizens, James Johns, who was intoxicated, approached within a few feet of the column and ordered the music to stop, which was not done, and the column moved on. When about twenty steps from him his gun *was fired, whether intentionally or not is not known,* but it was pointed in a different direction, and the shot struck the ground about twelve feet from him. The column fired a volley, some of the shots at Johns, most of them in the direction of Maple's store, 30 or 40 steps from the column, at which place there was a number of our citizens, *all unarmed,* wounding six of them. Immediately about twenty of our citizens *sprang to their arms and fired into the column,* by which two negroes were killed and an unknown number wounded. The negroes immediately broke to a thick cluster of timber, 100 yards north of the Court-House. At this point there was an attempt made by Pearce to rally his routed forces. Our citizens, to the number of about thirty, a part of them being mounted, immediatelly made a charge and completely routed the whole force, Pearce flying through the woods and fields, Murphy and Phil. Joiner escaping in a buggy up the road toward Albany. Seven negroes were killed, and from the best information we have been able to procure, between thirty and fourty were wounded, all of whom have been properly cared for. It is a source of deep regret that the calamitous consequences of this affair *fell exclusively upon the poor, deluded negroes,* led on by wicked white men—Murphy, Pearce, and Putney—who made good their escape in the hour of danger, with but little injury to themselves. *This sad result is to be attributed more to the sharpness and shrewdness of their gallant leaders in effecting their escape, than to intention on the part of our people.* We hereby disavow any purpose or intention on the part of ourselves or our citizens to violate law or the peace of the State in what was done. We were willing, and so expressed ourselves to these leaders, for them to hold their political meeting at the Court-House in our town if the negroes were disarmed; but we did think, and still think, that it was our duty to obey the orders of the Sheriff, as a civil officer of this State, in breaking up this unlawful assemblage. We felt, as their numbers vastly exceeded that of our citizens present, that had the meeting taken place, the lives of our wives and children would be at the mercy of an infuriated mob. While consequences are to be regretted, and we do not boast of what was done by our people, we feel that they have but discharged a painful duty imposed upon them by wicked and corrupt men, now engaged in leading astray into acts of lawlessness the colored people of our country. We appeal to the law-making powers of Georgia and the lawful authorities of the United States to check the progress of these strolling criminals that are prowling about the homes and disturbing the peace and quiet of our war-stricken people."

N. Y. Tribune.

THE SPIRIT OF THE REBELS.

UNION MEN MUST LEAVE OR DIE—BRUTAL TREATMENT OF UNIONISTS.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: In order to show your readers more fully the spirit of the Southern Democracy and the character of the battle being waged in Georgia, let me narrate an incident or two, which can be vouched for as true in every particular. The Hon. Mr. D. is a member of the Legislature of that State. Born and educated in Maine, he was in early life a teacher, until some 40 years ago he came to Georgia and settled in the county where he now resides. By profession a physician, he gained by his skill and honesty a large practice, and was universally esteemed and respected until the dark days of 1860. Then, when other men went mad, he stood firm to the old flag, and was, through the whole war, a consistent, outspoken Union man. For this crime he was robbed of his property, was tarred and feathered, and narrowly escaped hanging. Distress and constant fear for his safety killed his wife, and he came out of the war literally stripped of everything, and without a single *white* friend. No one of the high-toned Southern gentlemen would employ the adjective "Yankee" as a physician, and to get bread he undertook a colored school. This was several times broken up, but started again, and by its aid he managed to live until a year ago, when he was elected a member of our Constitutional Convention. In that body he did his work well. On its adjournment *sine die* he was unanimously nominated to represent his district in the General Assembly. But, on going home to canvass his own country previous to the election, he found that his troubles had but just begun. Not a white man would allow him to enter his door, or would either give or sell him a mouthful of food. *At the county seat, where he had lived for forty years and where were men whom by his skill he had saved from death, he could not purchase a single article of any sort, although he could pay cash, and any price asked.* The negroes were friendly, but dared not help him or give him shelter, because the Rebel owner stood ready to turn out of doors any man who dared take him in. For several nights he "lay out," but at last found a negro who could not be dispossessed, and who was willing to let him occupy a shed in which a mule had been kept. Mr. D. went by night to a town where he was not known, and bought some meal and bacon, and then without friend or companion went to housekeeping in his mule-shed. Shortly after he was taken with a violent fever, and for four weeks he lay sick, not a white man or woman ever came near to see him, or expressed any other anxiety than that the cursed Radical might die. He would have died from lack of care and absolute starvation, had not "niggers" gone there in the dark, and tended him by stealth, not daring to have a light often, lest they should be detected and some stray bullet find its way into the room. By a miracle he recovered, and now, in his eighty-second year, he is doing service in our Legislature. Such has been the Rebel treatment of a man of whom his bitterest foes could only say "He is a d——d Radical." He is a kindly-faced, venerable old man, and as much a hero as though he had stormed the heights of Lookout or Kennesaw.

One of the preachers of the Methodist Church, North, has been threatened with death many a time; and on one occasion, when he had an appointment at Adairsville, the landlord of the hotel at which he proposed stopping on his arrival Saturday, begged of the clergyman not to stop at his house as the Ku-Klux had sworn to kill him that night. He persisted in remaining, until a member of the Masonic fraternity came to him and said that the Masons of the town would be glad to extend to him that protection which was his due as a member of the Order, but they could not save him, and advised him to leave the town at once, as he would certainly be murdered if he remained. He gave up his appointment, and returned home.

There is a man in Atlanta to-day against whom the Union men of Georgia bring no charge. The Democracy charge him, however, with four crimes, any one of which they regard as deserving of death. Here is the "head and front of his offending": *First*, He is a nigger; *second*, he has taught niggers to read; *third*, he has dared to vote the Republican ticket; *fourth*, and worst of all, he has even had the audacity to be a candidate for the Legislature. Inasmuch as the Code of Georgia does not prescribe any punishment for those crimes, the *honorable* citizens of his county took the law into their own hands during the last election. They set upon him and tried to kill him. He took to the woods, they dogged him some twenty miles, but he managed to evade them, and reached Atlanta where he now is, not daring to go home for fear of his life. The *high-toned gentleman* who ran against him, and who, in direct violation of the law, was a Register of the election in which he was a candidate, now holds his seat.

Col. Price, the nominee for Congress in the IId District, in addition to being an honest, capable, man, is renowned for his courage. Having as much, or more of that article than any other man in the district, it was said that he dare face the music, and speak anywhere. Your readers see already, how well he has succeeded. Saturday, he was shot, and dangerously wounded; the next time, he will probably be killed. The Rebels worked that little game nicely. The negroes, in obedience to the Governor's proclamation, left their arms at home, and the Democracy had a fair field, and no danger of any armed resistance. The work goes bravely on. Our Legislature has prohibited colored men from holding office, and from sitting on juries, and now they only await the election of their chosen leader, to complete the work, and wrench away the ballot.

Thank God! From the face of the North, I judge they will be obliged to wait until they reach a place where the offices are all filled, elections are never held, and juries never sit.

NEW YORK, September 22d, 1868.

RIOT AND MURDERS IN CAMILLA, GA.

THE REBEL DEMOCRACY ATTACK AND WOUND A REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS—REPUBLICANS KILLED—GOV. BULLOCK'S MESSAGE TO THE LEGISLATURE—APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT TABLED.

ATLANTA, Sept. 21st.—On Saturday last Col. Pierce, Republican candidate for Congress from the IId District, and Capt. Murphy, Republican Presidential Elector, went to Camilla, Mitchell County, in the south-western part of the State, to speak at a public meeting, which had previously been announced. When near town they were met by a Rebel, mounted and armed, who warned them not to go into the town. They went on, and were soon met by the Sheriff of the county who informed them that the people would not allow a Radical to speak in Camilla. They persisted, however, and on reaching the Court-House, they and their friends were assaulted by a mob. Col. Pierce is dangerously shot, Capt. Murphy is badly hurt, and many more of the Republicans were killed and wounded. A large majority of the Republicans were colored men, who, obedient to Gov. Bullock's proclamation of the 14th inst., had left their arms at home. They were of course beaten and shot down by the Seymour Democracy, almost without any resistance. Official reports place the number of killed and wounded at fifty. Among the victims are a colored woman and her infant. These outrages are being perpetrated all over the State. Gov. Bullock sent a strong message to the Legislature this afternoon, accompanied by an official report of the riot from Major Howard, U. S. A., commanding the Sub-District, and recommending the Legislature to call on the President for troops to suppress the insurrection, and enforce the laws of the State. After reading the message, the following preamble and resolutions were offered in the Senate and House by the Republicans:

Whereas, The laws of the United States prevent the organization of a Militia force; and whereas, the civil officers of the State are unable to execute the law and maintain the peace. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That his Excellency, the President of the United States be, and he is hereby, respectfully requested to place at the disposal of the Governor of this State such military force, from the armies of the United States, as the said Governor may from time to time call for, and deem necessary to the preservation of the peace, and protection of the rights, lives, and property of the citizens of this State, and for the execution of the laws, orders and decrees of the civil officers.

Resolved, That the Governor be, and is hereby, requested to transmit a copy of this action to the President by telegraph.

This was voted down by the Senate and House, and a Democratic committee was raised in each body, to whom the Governor's Message was referred, and where it will lie buried. Gov. Bullock has done all in his power to secure protection for loyal citizens, but is entirely thwarted by the majority in the Legislature.

KENTUCKY.

THE BURNING OF THE QUAKERS' MILLS IN LOGAN COUNTY BY THE KU-KLUX—A DESPICABLE OUTRAGE.

From the N. Y. Times.

THE particulars of the attack on the Quaker settlement at South Union, Logan County, Ky., by members of the Ku-Klux-Klan, on the night of the 2d inst., were given in the *Times* soon after its occurrence. The Quakers were, as usual, non-combatants during the war, but steadfastly remained loyal to the Government. On the night of the 2d, their extensive woolen and flouring mills, situated on the opposite banks of a creek, were discovered to be on fire simultaneously, and were burned to the ground. A private letter from one of the sufferers to a friend in this city, who had written asking for further particulars of the outrage, has been shown us, and from it the following extract is taken:

"RESPECTED FRIEND: All in the world we can tell you is, that night-prowlers and disguised men have been driving the negroes we have hired, and endeavoring to make them return to their old masters, and telling the negroes they intend to drive our community from the country or reduce our town to ashes. I presume our offence is, we hire the negroes and pay them for their work, and nearly all around here want to work for us, because we treat them like men and pay them as such. We do not vote nor take any part in politics, but rejoice that the bonds are stricken from the limbs of the negro and that *now* we can pay *him*, and not be compelled, as heretofore, to work the dark skin and pay the white skin.

"They burned some negro cabins and one frame of ours where the freedmen were. We then offered a reward of $500 for their apprehension. This only made them worse and they and burned our mills: loss estimated at from $60,000 to $70,000."

SPEECH OF A COLORED MAN.

SPEECH OF MONDAY FLOYD—ONE OF THE COLORED MEMBERS OUSTED FROM THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MR. SPEAKER: I have not much to say to you on this subject. I have been a slave fifty-five years, and no chance to get learning, so I could not say much any way; but I can say, that I have tried to behave myself and act like a man since I have been here. If I have failed to do so, it is because I am ignorant—and I have been made so by the very men who are now seeking to put us out of our seats; and I hope, if members on the other side of the House turn me out, they will give me credit for that much sense any way. But, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Floyd said the negro man was inferior to the white man. I would like to know how he knows that. I would like to know if his forefathers had been kept in Slavery two hundred years, and he had been kept in Slavery for fifty-five years, with the lash over his back all the time, and whipped if he attempted to learn his A B C, how much better would he be, and how much superior would he be to me to-day? When he gets

on to the floor again, I would like to have him give his views on this point. Mr. Speaker the gentleman from Floyd made some very nice *rails*, but they were very *old*, and he laid up his fence crooked. The honorable gentleman from Richmond County, in his speech, made *new rails*, laid his fence so straight and high that the gentleman from Floyd County can't get over; that is my opinion. We Republicans don't believe in *old things*. We believe in going ahead—not back; and I don't believe we can be driven back either. We are just getting a little taste of learning, and believe in going ahead or having our children. I will not say any more about that, Mr. Speaker. The gentleman had a good deal to say about social equality—mixing up of the races—amalgamation I believe he called it. Now, Sir, we colored men don't want to mix up with the white men; we all like our own color best, and if these men that talk so much about the inferiority of the race, and of mixing up with the "nigger," will let our colored women alone, we won't have so many ring-streaked and speckled people among us. We want the white men to mind their own business, and not come sneaking around our women at night, or any other time, for unlawful purposes. Now, Mr. Speaker, we are a law-abiding people, and if I aint here according to law, I want to know it right away, so as to go home and go to work. I thank the House for hearing me. I havn't anything more to say.

GEORGIA.

CALL FOR A STATE CONVENTION OF COLORED MEN.

OFFICE CIVIL AND POLITICAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION, ATLANTA, Ga., Sept, 7th, 1868.

THE colored Members of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Georgia, having been expelled therefrom, and having organized themselves into an Association, to be known as the "Civil and Political Rights Association," and having been unanimously elected President of said Association, I therefore issue this call:

To the Colored Voters of Georgia.—The rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution of our State, and by the Constitution and laws of the United States, have been unlawfully and arbitrarily torn from us by one branch of the General Assembly, a body created and established very largely by our votes, and that at the risk, in many instances, of starvation and death. The Democratic party, having, by refusing the colored members the right to vote, unlawfully obtained a large majority in the House of Representatives, have decided, by a mere resolution, in defiance of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and of the State of Georgia, that colored men have no right to represent their race in the General Assembly, and have accordingly ejected them from their seats. By this act they have ignored our rights of citizenship and representation, rights established by the Constitution and laws, and recognized by every sound and impartial jurist in the country. (See Irwin's Code, Part 2, p. 332, sections 1,648 and 1, 649). By this act nearly 100,000 taxed voters of Georgia, are deprived of their right of representation, contrary to the cardinal principle of a Republican Government. We have good reason to apprehend that this is only the prelude to what we may expect at the hands of the Democratic party, as they neither regard our established rights, as citizens and electors, or our condition and claims as freemen. In several counties we were advised by those we thought honest Democrats to elect colored representatives rather than loyal white men, while in several other counties, not a white Republican could be found, or any white man who would accept the colored nomination; yet we are now cendured and expelled for doing the best we could. And what is more astonishing, a number of white Representatives, who were professed Republicans at home, since their arrival here have become decided Democrats. In view of this state of things, we call upon the colored men of every county in the State to send delegates to a State Convention of colored citizens, to be held in the City of Macon, on the 1st Tuesday in October, 1868, for the purpose of taking into consideration our condition, and determining upon the best course for the future. There can be no doubt that our personal liberty is in as great danger as our civil and political rights. The same power which would override the Constitution in one thing will do it in another. It is, therefore, a solemn duty which every colored man owes to himself, his family, and his country, to maintain his manhood and his right of citizenship. It is our duty to meet and invoke Congressional aid in the security of our rights. Rally, then, rally colored voters, for your rights, your citizenship, and your personal liberty! Send your delegates with sufficient funds to remain until the business of the Convention is completed. Guard against all disturbances, as this is a moral contest, a bloodless battle. Drunkards and fools fight in person, sober and wise men fight with thoughts and words.

As soon as this notice comes to hand, begin to get your delegates ready.

H. M. TURNER, Pres't. C. and P. R. Association.
JAMES PORTER, Secretary.

P. S. —The President may be addressed at Macon, and the Secretary at Savannah, Ga.

MURDERS NEAR TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

ON Thursday morning, the 9th inst., N. B. Stalmaker, the mail-carrier from this city to Newtonville, was shot dead from his horse while going along the More's Bridge Road, on the edge of Lipsey Swamp, about twenty miles from this city, and near More's Bridge Post-Office. He is only one more of many Union men and freedmen that have been murdered in that section since the surrender. On Friday night, the 10th inst., a gang of men, disguised, went to the house of a freedman in North Port, by the name of Moses Hughes, broke open his house, and hunted for him, and not finding him, inquired which was his wife; then went to the bed where she lay, and deliberately shot her through the brain, and left her dead. Hughes saved his life for the time being by getting up the chimney, so they did not find him. Now, my dear Sir, is not this a dreadful state of things, and no clue to the perpetrators, and the civil officers afraid or disinclined to make any exertion to find them out.

Tuscaloosa Journal

From the Toledo Blade.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY AT THE INSTANCE UV THE NATIONAL CENTRAL COMMITTEE GOES SOUTH TO ORGANIZE COLORED SEYMOUR AND BLAIR CLUBS.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky),
August 27th, 1868.

THE Nashnel Central Committee, hevin notified me that I cood either pay an assessment uv $30, toward defrayin the expenses uv the campane, or go South and organize colored Seymour and Blare clubs, I desided to do the latter for obvus reasons, wich are:

1. The entire community in wich I reside aint got $30, ceptin Bascom and Pennibaker, wich bein distillers and grocery keepers, hev naterally absorbed all the capital uv the place.

2. I am fond uv travel, for elsewhere I find ungleaned fields and pasters fresh. I find men uv wich I hev never borrowed, and whose nachers hev never bin soured by unforchnit lendins. I hev alluz done better wher I aint so well known. My zeal rather wears out my friends.

For these reasons I went. My first stoppin place wuz in western Tennessee, and my success wuz glorious. I made known my biznis to the leadin Demokrats, and they took hold uv the idee with alacrity. Every man uv them put on his gray uniform, as they allus do when they embark into a politicle enterprise, that ther Dimocrisy may not be questioned, and sallied out with me to electioneer the niggers wich were employed onto their plantations. Their method wuz short, decisive and effective. The niggers wuz mildly but firmly given the choice between jinin a Seemore and Blare Club, and attendin it to heer me speak, or being discharged from their employment. Ez the planters hev a jokeler way uv shootin at site all the niggers who hevent any employment, the alternative mite be considered equivalen, to death, and with an alacrity wich I didn't expect they all jined and all come to the meetin in the evenin. One nigger when I wuz half thro speakin got up and left, saying ez he went that he wanted to work, had jined the club, and wuz willing to be a Conservative nigger to hold his place, but ez for heerin me clean thro he'd be——. They wood hev finisht him on the spot, but I bade em forbear. That nigger's vote is shoor, and I don't mind the insult he put onto me. "Let him go," I sed, "we hev no votes to spare, and sence Bookannon's time we hevn't bin able to vote ded men to any extent." Let Horasho Seemore, if he is elected, remember the thotfulnis and self-sacrifis. Sich quality wood shine at the head uv the Postoffis Department. I merely throw this hint out by the way.

The next pint I struck wuz a cheerful village uv perhaps a thousand people. Here I found a better sperit prevailin than I cood hev hoped for. The druggists and grocers were all Democrats of the straightest sect, hevin every one em served in the Confedrit army. They were delighted at the movement. Not five minits after I hed made known my bizness, a nigger come into a drug store uv wich the likker (which wuz kept for medissinal purposes only), sootid me, askin for some calomel and quinine, wich iz the standard remedy among the niggers here for ague, the whites yoosin quinine and whisky for the same disease, wich they take, omittin the quinine.

"Shel yoo vote for Seemore and Blare?" quoth the patriotic druggist. "Are you willin to become a conservative nigger and jine a conservative nigger Seemore and Blare club?"

"No sah?" replied the obtoose Ethiopian.

"Then my buck, you can't hev no medicine at his shop."

"But my children must hev it," replied the nigger.

"It makes no difference. We can't furnish medicines to Radicals. We can't furnish niggers who ain't willin to vote with us who protected em in their infancy and workt em for their own good in their matoorer years with remedies either vegitable or mineral. Jine the club or no quinine."

Ez a matter uv course the nigger listened to reason. He wuz to-wunst convinced that the Radikels wuz opposed to his interests in all respex, and he jined. They were thoro in ther Democrasy in that place. They determined to hev perfeck yoonanimity in ther vote at the pools, and the three or four niggers wich positively refoozed to jine they hung, together with two white Ohio farmers and one white Pennsylvany blacksmith, wich persisted in ther "loyal," ez they called it, principles. It hed an excellent persuasive effeck upon the remaining ones. They came in handsome and jined without a murmur.

The next place I visted wuz a smaller village, one wich reely gladdened me to approach. In this class uv towns there is less uv that cold formality wich caracterize more densely populated seckshuns. In sich places yoo find the troo gushin child of nacher. It is a splendid corn-growing seekshun, wich soil is perkoolverly favorable to Democrasy. In fact, corn and Democrasy iz inseperable, and our largest majorities iz allus where there is the best and most luxuriant corn. The distillers convert the corn into whisky, and the whisky converts original men into Democrats, and then its plane sailin. It takes three generashens at least to bring a people out uv whiskey, and the state uv toelis shoes, pants busted in the seat, and winders stufft with old hat, wich alluz marks a strictly Demokratic community. Its a singler fact that we never flourish in a soil adapted to wheat, wich hes ralerodes through it. Wheat will made whiskey but its too fine flavored, and the facilities for gettin it to market makes it too high price. The man who invented ralerodes struck a blow at the hart uv the party. For our purpose we want a little of the fiery whiskey wich corn produces, and we want that little strong. But this is a digestion.

At this pint the enthopsiasm wuz unbounded. The Democrisy wuz all alive, but ther wuzn't that dosiliti among the niggers that I expected. These cusses, ez soon ez they saw me, and learned my bisnes, took to the woods, and we hed to go after em to electioneer em, wich the Democrisy did, takin their dorgs with em. It wuz a cheerin site to see em follerin the black cusses thro the swamps, the moosic uv the yelpin uv the dorgs cheering us on to our work. Two or three refoozed to be talked to, and their bodies, like John Brown's wuz left a danglin in the air, while ther souls went a marchin on. We beleeve in evry man a choosin for hisself, and in the greatest freedom uv speech and opinion, providin alluz ther ain't nothing incenjary in it. Ez evrythin that's sed agin us we count incenjary, it simplfies matters wonderfly.

I got one good meetin uv em, however, to wich I wuz indebted to a Noo York dry goods merchant, who is here makin a strenuous effort to re-establish his trade wickedly and, crooelly broken up by the wicked onpleasantis wich Linkin inaggerated by resistin the South in 1861. He is a Conservative who is after trade, and consekently is willin to do anythin. He told me uv a nigger funeral to take place in the afternoon, and suggestid that a score uv us arm and surround em, and keep em in whether or no until I hed made my speech. "So ankshus am I," he said to a retailer uv dry goods, (it wuz dry goods he wuz sellin, by a singler coincidence) "for the success uv correct principles, that I will guard one uv the doors myself." And he did it, swearin at Yankees all the time, and pernouncin cow—"caow," the while. I notist it but it mattered not to me. Why shood we be pertikler ez to the tools we yoose? When we shake hands with sich, can't we put on gloves?

We surrounded the church and notified em that they cood'nt pass till we wuz thro, and I commenced my speech, and spoke it thro. I insisted that ther interests lay with ther kind, good masters—that they hed bin grevously deceived in sposin that ther wuz any antagonism between the races. Who, I askt, gave the colored man the right to vote in Noo York? The Dimocrisy. Who gave the colored man the rite to vote in Ohio? The Dimocrisy. What Vice President hed a nig—or rather a colored woman for a wife, wich wood hev bin mistress uv the White House, hed the President bin a Republikin, and consekently worth our while to assassinate him? Richard M. Johnson, a Dimokrat. Who hev bin—

At this pint a pert mulatto remarked that he hed a word to say, and I gave place to him. He wuz himself a conservative nigger uv the most conservatest kind. He shood vote with his white brothers cheerfully, but not for the reasons wich the speaker (meanin me), hed given. He shood do it from a higher, holier motive than any advanced. He shood do it from motives uv consanguinity. He hed alluz bin a humble nigger bleevin himself to be one uv an inferior race, but sence he hed bin free he hed bin searchin his pedigree. He hed bin agreeably surprized. He found he hed the best blood uv Virginny coursin thro his veins.

The Confedrit candidate for Congris wuz his half brother, halleloogy, and he wuz closely related to two-thirds uv all sed candidate's supporters, bless de Lord, and uv course he'd vote him, for de man that woodn't take car uv his own blood is wuss nor an infidel. He felt grateful to the Conservative candidate's family. Troo, he wuz half nigger, but he prided hisself on the tother half. He felt all the pride uv race uv wich he hed heerd so much. His ancestors (on his fader's side) hed bin, probable, the comrades uv Washinton, and he woodent degrade hisself by mixen with men uv no family from the North, He wuz poor, but his projenitors (on his fader's side) wuz gentlemen, bress de Lord, and he stood on blood.

And the niggers, bustin with lafter, at the rage wich they saw depicted onto the countenance uv their white friends, got up to leave. We tried to stop em, so that I cood speek further, but ez they hed more revolvers than we hed, and didn't appear to be disinclined to yoose em, we didn't attempt force. The most uv these niggers hed bin in the servis, and yoo can't make men docile who hev borne arms. I shel continyoo my work, however, never mindin these temporary backsets.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Which is Postmaster).

LAWLESSNESS IN VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND, Va., September 28.—On Saturday night Mrs. Stewart a widow, residing in Kent County, was murdered, and her body burned, together with her dwelling. John Baker, her farm manager was also murdered, and robbed of $500 in gold. Four houses have recently been burned in the same neighborhood. The military will be sent there.

THE NEW REBELLION.

At any other time than amid the bustle and anxiety of a presidential campaign, the attention of the whole nation would be drawn to the strange succession of events in Georgia. As it is, they excite comparatively little comment at the North; but they do not pass without watching, the lesson which they teach is not lost, and their proper results will follow in due time. If the mills of God seem in this instance to grind so slowly that the refractory atoms at Atlanta and Camilla are for the moment untouched, it is because larger interests are between the wheels; but their hour approaches steadily, and the grasp of destiny once laid upon them they will learn that

"Though with patience He stands waiting with exactness grinds He all."

The fallible proverb has it that revolutions never go backward; but the retrograde progress of the one now on foot in Georgia has been so rapid within a few short weeks that it has very nearly carried that State back to the blissful days of its local institutions, before the thunders of Missionary Ridge heralded the opening of a new epoch. It is but a few months since the State, claiming to be regenerated and purified, with justice and peace resting upon her people, knocked at the door of the Union and came back under the welcoming dome of the capitol. Hardly had that consummation been accomplished when the surprising developments began which were to prove the promises of that return to be the worst of mockeries. The cloud at its first rising, as we could see it here in the North, was no bigger than a man's hand. In electing the representatives of the State in the Senate, the legislature discarded the leadership of the republican party which had hitherto controlled it, and by a coalition elected one senator from each of the national parties. The incident indeed was in one view rather encouraging than otherwise; since reconstruction if it be genuine must leave scope for independent differences of opinion, and its best results will be gained when the communities of the South are divided not by geographical lines, not by distinctions of race, but by those differences of temperament and teaching which everywhere separate men into parties. Then and then only will their representatives in the councils of State and Nation become really representatives of the sentiments and interest of all classes of the people.

But Georgia did not pause here. A few days later the legislature proceeded to trample on the letter and spirit of the constitution under which it sat, and of the reconstruction acts which gave it existence, and to defy the rights as well as the wishes of the men whose suffrages had chosen its members. It wantonly and insolently expelled every representative and senator whose descent was tinged with the blood of a race constituting one half the people of Georgia. Upon no pretext of incompetence or ignorance, with no excuse in any misconduct of the ejected members, with no shame in the memory of flagrant treason and unexpiated rebellion in the recent record of almost every one who joined in this outrage upon men steadily loyal throughout the war, but solely upon the ground of the prejudice of race, and the impious theory of the curse of Canaan upon which slavery and its confederacy rested, did the legislature of Georgia turn out the minority whose presence there had given it a title to recognition as a State worthy to resume its place in the American sisterhood. Nor can the Democratic party be saddled with all the odium of an act upon which the Georgian of the future will look back with shame almost as great as that with which he recalls the crimes of slavery and rebellion. Voters, miscalled republican, joined in the crusade of color; and a man who had aspired to lead the republican party in the State, who had represented the State in the national convention of the party at Chicago, who had addressed that convention as the exponent of the views of the redeemed South, used his freshly donned robes as chief justice to give a cloak of dignity to his "opinion" that the abominable act was legal under the old slave code.

With such a prelude, what has followed seems natural enough. Emboldened by the impunity of its first step, the same legislature a day or two later closed the doors of the jury-box against the black man, thus at one stroke shutting him off from justice, and adding another to the shackles which were to bind him back in his old condition of serfdom. So far, however, the rights of which he had been robbed were in the abstract. A man may be contented and comfortable without sitting in a state house; nor is it in itself a privilege to be liable to be snatched from any business for the confinement of jury service. But the next step trenched upon life itself. The white citizens of a rebel village set upon the black citizens of the neighborhood, whom they found gathered together conveniently for the purpose on an errand of a legitimate political character; murdered and mutilated them by wholesale; chased them for miles; and counted up the dead and wounded victims of their attack by scores. In this act the aggressors were led by the civil authorities, and so far from incurring punishment seem likely to be rewarded for their achievement. Thus far the accounts of all parties substantially agree. They only differ in that the negroes and their friends say that the sole occasion for the attack made upon them was their participation in a republican meeting, while the murderers themselves allege as an excuse that the negroes were disobeying a proclamation of the Governor by bearing arms. If they had weapons they seem to have been of little service, since no serious casualities among the assailants are reported; while the white people of Camilla who executed such summary vengeance were themselves equally covered by the prohibition under which they pretended to act, and thus broke the law riotously to punish others for departing from it peacefully. Certainly the proclamation never contemplated such enforcement as the ferocious population of Mitchell County, led by their sheriff and supported by public opinion, have indulged in—hunting like foxes and shooting down like wolves men whom they suspect of carrying weapons of defence thus conclusively proved to be needed.

Lest the connection between the revolutionary action of the legislature and the murderous conduct of the people should be denied, the one has directly indorsed the other. The Governor of Georgia, under whose proclamation the ruffians of Camilla pretended to act in their work of death, has considered their outrages sufficient cause for suggesting a call upon the national government for troops to keep order and protect life and property. The legislature, purified for the purpose by the expulsion of every representative of the injured race, has declared in reply that "the civil authorities are amply competent for the preservation of the peace." The civil authorities upon whom they depend are the sheriff of Camilla and his murderous posse of citizens. The peace which they preserve is made by shooting down at sight any man whose color they dislike or who attends a political meeting not in harmony with their wishes. It is the peace of slavery and death. The order which reigned in Warsaw was heavenly comfort and happiness compared with the order which the remnant of the Legislature of Georgia and the class of the people who stand behind them would establish throughout the South. The peace which they desire is the silence of the gag, the discipline of the pirate ship, the terrors of Judge Lynch, the law of anarchy, and the tranquility of the calaboose.

It is easier to recount the crimes which have succeeded each other in Georgia, than to point out the remedy which they make necessary. The course to be taken with a State in which, after reconstruction seems fairly accomplished, the old rebel spirit asserts itself with such vigor as to wrest away every privilege which has been bestowed upon the colored man, to trample upon every principle of equal justice, and to begin a crusade of murder ere yet the ink is dry upon the new constitution, is one of the problems of the future. It will take time and study, courage and statesmanship, to answer it. But for the present, we can only do the duty nearest us, for which the news brought every day from Georgia, from Arkansas, from Tennessee, from Mississippi, from Texas, furnishes an unmistakable guidance. The state of affairs now existing is but a hint of what would follow were Seymour and Blair and their allies in the South to come into power. The Democracy once given the reins, it would be beyond our power to effect any reform, until after four years of confusion and anarchy should roll round to place the questions of to-day again open before us. The election of Grant will in itself do two-thirds of the work of settling the question, just as the second election of Lincoln made the work of closing up the war comparatively easy. The other third, with time before us and the power in our hands, we shall be able to dispose of calmly, judiciously, permanently; and when indeed we have given peace to the whole land, and liberty and justice to all its people, even regenerated Georgia will rejoice that we carried the task through to the end.

Boston Daily Advertiser.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

PREMIUMS.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

PLEDGES.—Friends owing pledges to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society are reminded that they are now due. Remittances in payment of pledges or donations in aid of the Society, may be sent to Richard P. Hallowell, Treasurer, No. 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to A. M. Powell, office of THE STANDARD, No. 39 Nassau street, New York.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

THE BLOODY SOUTH.

THE fiendish spirit of Slavery rages throughout the South. How could it be otherwise? It has always taken two or three generations to wear out the hatred that a defeated faction feels toward its conquerors. It is hatred of the Nation, not of the Negro by himself, that maddens the South. Time alone can cure it. Recollect the century needed to burn out the fierce hate of Scotland and the Stuart faction toward the house of Hanover. Recollect our own bitterness toward England, engendered by the Revolution, refreshed by the war of 1812—buried in the graves of two generations since—but revived to all its old fierceness by the cruise of one Alabama.

We are told, on the highest official authority in Georgia, that the published accounts give us no adequate description of the terrible reality. All is anarchy and bloodshed. From other States we hear that no negro can get employment unless he shows a ticket certifying his membership of a Seymour club. An old Kansas friend now, as ever, planting himself on the most exposed point of the battleground, writes us that if he succeeds in keeping a dozen negroes in his county true to the Republican ticket he shall esteem himself fortunate, so dreadful are the perils to life and the risk of starvation that hang over them. If Congress had given the loyal men, either land or guns they could have defended themselves. Another friend, an officer, who saw some of the most critical service of the war, tells us that on a plantation of which he and his friends had charge for three years, and where their relations with the negroes employed were most friendly and cordial, the whole two hundred voted the Democratic ticket. Since then they sent him a message, "Do not blame us—we had to do so, else be shot or starve."

If Grant could be defeated, the madness of those who admitted seven such States would produce that result. For Meade, at Gettysburg, to have presented the rebels with half his artillery before the fight began, would have been prudent and cautious strategy compared with the bald folly of allowing such communities to share in the Presidential election.

Even this consideration sinks into insignificance beside the guilt of allowing the President to murder at will through all those States. Mr. Johnson and the seven assassins who shielded him from Impeachment are the head Ku-Klux. For every sacrifice made to carry this election, for every dollar spent, every life lost, every household clothed in mourning or gaunt with starvation and want, William Pitt Fessenden is responsible. But for him the whole rebel South had been whist and mum, law triumphant, life safe, industry effacing the marks of war, and thankful men eating honest bread in peace. What a pillow of thorns that man's conscience will spread for him if a bad heart ever allows his brain to tell him the truth. Idle babblers in some journals talk of the vote against Impeachment as if it were only an honest difference of opinion. But no such distinction obtains in that case. There are truths so plain, there are cases when guilt is so atrocious, that the weakest brain would see them did not a bad heart close up the avenues of intellect. If we could suppose Seymour so honest as really to believe what he says, that would not, in the least relieve him from his share of the murders at Andersonville, since nothing but a corrupt heart—brutalized by a life-long effort to look at Slavery and not hate it—would have made it possible for him to stand by and not feel his responsibility.

So with the loss of Impeachment, if we can suppose any one of that infamous seven honest, it was a bad heart that made him blind.

We owe those Rebel States a government. Congress has undertaken to reconstruct; and it demands allegiance. Consequently it owes protection. We see the dilemma in which Congress stands. A very delicate question it is how to apply any remedy to such a state of things as the article we copy from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* pictures in Georgia. Chronic obstacles like Fessenden and Trumbull, wrapping themselves in legal quibbles, will sit calmly dogmatic till the loyal blood shed at the South tides up to the Senate floor. But we have Senators who are men as well as lawyers. We look to them to find, or make, a remedy. Let not the weary winter wear away till the 4th of March without a cure. Let us not exemplify the truth of the French historian's taunt "Despotism does great things *illegally:* Liberty does nothing at all—*according to law.*" The constitutional amendment authorizes Congress to see, *by appropriate legislation*, that its provisions are carried out. We look for such legislation in the very first week of the next session, which we trust will be held as early, at least, as November. Bring such violations before the Supreme Court, first providing a bench which Democratic flattery cannot buy with the bare promise of a mess of potage. At any rate if this is a Government it can and is bound to protect its citizens—let us see it attempt, at least, to do this duty.

Repudiation of money debts is bad. But the repudiation of the first duty of Government—*protection*—deserves a "lower deep," compared to which the "Hell" with which the *Tribune* threatens greenback repudiators "would be a "Heaven."

WENDELL PHILIPS.

WE find we understated one incident in the history of the recent relations of our government and the Indians. How much more disgraceful it was than we put it, the following letter shows us, written by one who was an eye witness of the scene:.

"You make a mistake in referring to the first Council with the hostile Indians. In the statement that the savages brought in *six men* to exchange, and the Commission were forced to confess that they had no prisoners, that we killed them all, the inference is that only *men* were spoken of. If it had been only men, the Commission could have made the confession with a compliment to the bravery of their warriors, who fought as long as they lived and would never permit us to capture them; such a confession would have been an easy matter. The Commission were in a far tighter place, and were compelled, speaking as they did for the country and the army, to make the humiliating confession that we made war upon Indian *women and children* and *spared none.* To have acknowledged an act of piracy on the high seas would have been far easier. But there was no escape—the Commission did not disgrace itself by any attempt to justify or excuse such deeds of infamy. One of them said he wished he were on the other side of the Council—one of the Indians, with a painted face and a blanket over his shoulders, instead of belonging to the 'superior race,' so much talked of."

A MEETING of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Festival Committee will be held at No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, October 7th, at 3 1-2 o'clock p. m.

MARY GREW.

A STATED MEETING of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at 727 Filbert street, on Fifth day, the 8th inst., at 4 o'clock p. m.

G. M. JONES, Secretary.

A REPORT of the proceedings of the Universal Franchise Association, received from Washington, is unavoidably deferred till next week; also several communications from correspondents.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby is lecturing in Northern New York.

Jefferson Davis, it is said, will be, and will not be, tried in the October term of the United States Court in Virginia.

Anna E. Dickinson will deliver this winter, a lecture for the benefit of the new Female Typographical Union, organized in this city on Monday evening last.

The reports that Count Bismarck is much broken in health are without truth. He is simply on a prolonged visit to his estates in East Prussia, and is in good health; rises early, rides over his farms, dines, rests a while, and then looks after his office-work. A telegraph wire extends from his castle to the capital, and he communicates instantly and directly such orders as may be required.

The recent unveiling of the new monument to Martin Luther at Worms has excited fresh interest in matters relating to his family. Of his lineal descendants only one Joachim Luther, survives. Martin Luther had six children: Hans, Elizabeth, Magdalene, Martin, Paul, and Margarete. Of these only three—Hans, Paul, and Margarete, reached maturity. The Hans branch expired early in an only daughter who died a childless wife. The Paul branch multiplied, but expired in the male line in the fifth generation.

All France is talking of the audacity of young Eugene Cavaignac, who refused recently to accept a college prize at the hands of the Prince Imperial. The young man was educated in stern hatred of Imperialism by his energetic young mother, who was but nineteen years old when her illustrious husband died. Cavaignac died very suddenly in the country, and his wife, though overwhelmed with grief, had the corpse placed in her carriage, and drove with it to Paris, which she reached in nine hours afterward. Her son was only a year old at that time, when Theirs called on her she showed him the child, and pointing to him, said, "He shall never take the oath." The French Government has long since placed her under the special *surveillance* of the police.

The Boston Fraternity have secured for their course of lectures this Fall the following brilliant array of talent:

Wendell Phillips, (subject "The Issues of the Day"); P. B. Du Chaillu, the celebrated African traveller; D. R. Locke, better known under the familiar cognomen of "Petroleum V. Nasby," (subject, "Cussed be Canaan"); Miss Anna E. Dickinson; Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, (subject, "Gen. Lee's Surrender"); Rev. O. B. Frothingham, (subject, "Theodore Parker"); George William Curtis; Theodore Tilton; James E. Murdock, (who will give one of his popular readings); and Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago.

The course will open on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, at Music Hall.

AN AMUSING COMMUNICATION.

FROM L. MARIA CHILD.

MAN viewed as a religious animal perhaps presents stranger contradictions than when viewed under any other aspect of his nature. Italian bravos have no scruple about assassinating any person for hire, but no money can induce them to perform the deed with a dagger the handle of which is in the form of a Cross. A brigand of the mountains, as celebrated for his cruelty as he was for his cunning in evading the police, was at last taken on Saturday, because, believing that day of the week to be the birthday of the Virgin Mary, he would shed no blood on that day, not even in his own defence. In Spain, where the bigotry of the Dark Ages remains nearly unchanged, and where every day, and almost every hour, is devoted to the worship of some Saint, the objects of their devotion are often treated with the greatest rudeness. It is a very common thing for peasants to strike the images of their saints, to turn their pictures to the wall, to spit at them, and address them in language like the following: "You good-for-nothing, ungrateful rascal! Haven't I prayed to you every morning and night, and havn't my wife and children brought you flowers every day? Yet you have let my donkey die, and my crops be half blighted. A great Saint *you* are, to be sure! Take that, you good-for-nothing!" giving the image another blow.

Notwithstanding the innumerable forms of devotion in Catholic countries, and their uncounted phrases of extreme reverence, their literature does not always indicate that "There is that *within* which passes *show*." A sample of this occurs in an interesting book, by Emile Souvestre, concerning manners and customs in the Province of Bretagne, or Little Britain, as we should call it. It is a region where modern changes are almost unheard of, and where the usages and traditions of the Catholic Church are as devoutly adhered to as they were centuries ago. Yet the following facetious story, which I translate for the amusement of your readers, is a great favorite with the pious populace:

"In the village of Corlay there formerly lived a lad named Moustache, who had been left an orphan at an early age. He was brought up at the house of an uncle, where he often looked through the windows to see the other children eating while he went hungry. But he met the hardships of his lot with a light heart, manifesting an early liking for brandy and young girls, and facing life with songs, as birds warble round their nests. But, thoughtless as he was, he one evening took it into his head to go in search of better fortune far from his native place. Without mentioning his purpose to any one, he started early one morning with a staff, a rosary, and a wallet full of bread. As long as he could see the village, his tears flowed like rain, but when there was nothing before him but the road, he began to sing. When he had walked for half a day, he began to feel tired, and seated himself at the foot of a Cross by the wayside to rest himself and eat some of his bread. Three travellers soon made their appearance, and one of them said to him, 'Good morning, master. We are poor men of God, very hungry. Give us something to eat, in the name of Jesus Christ.' 'A Christian can refuse nothing to that name,' replied Moustache. 'Here is all I have. Take what you want.' Scarcely had he spoken, when the three beggars shone with dazzling light, and their rags were changed to beautiful garments, embroidered with gold. 'Thanks, my good lad,' said one of them. 'I am Jesus Christ, and these are my good followers, St. Peter and St. Paul. Ask for any three things that you want, and your wishes shall be granted.' 'Ask for a place in Paradise,' whispered St. Peter. But Moustache paid no attention to his advice. 'Son of God,' said he, taking off his cap to Jesus Christ, 'since you in your goodness promise to grant me three things, I will ask for a handsome wife, a pack of cards that will always win the game, and a bag in which I can securely fasten up the Devil.' 'Your three wishes shall be granted,' replied Jesus, 'Go in peace.'

"The travellers disappeared and Moustache resumed his journey. Before long he came in sight of a large mansion surrounded by a great wood. He knocked at the door to inquire if they wanted to hire him to do any work. An old woman who opened the door cried out when she saw him, 'Jesus! my pretty lad! What do you come here to do? Perhaps you want to marry the young princess? But believe me it is best to be careful how you try to gather hawthorn blossoms, for there are always thorns in the hedges to tear the fingers.' Moustache told her he did not understand what she was talking about. She then informed him that the mansion was haunted; and that the prince who inhabited it had promised that whoever should clear the house of demons should receive in marriage his daughter, who was beautiful as the stars, and whose name was The Hedge of Thorns. When Moustache had heard this story, he said he should like to undertake the job. The old woman accordingly conducted him to a large chamber all hung with red tapestry. Under the large bed were ranged a great number of boots and shoes. Some were the rich boots of noblemen, some the iron-shod shoes of the common people, and some the wooden shoes of clowns. 'To-morrow your shoes will be there, young man,' said the old woman. Moustache laughed. He was not afraid of anything, and he quietly waited for the night. When it was dark, he lay down upon the great bed. Toward midnight he heard a great noise, and a long file of devils came tumbling down chimney, holding each other by the hand. Immediately they began to run round the room. One of them carried a table into the middle of the chamber, and another placed upon it candles, which they lighted by touching them with the tips of their tails. Then they all gathered round the bed, crying out, 'Come get up, Christian; and play with each one of us, with your soul for the stake.' Moustache got up without saying anything. He searched in his wallet, and there he found the pack of cards which Jesus Christ had promised him. He played with each of the imps in succession, and as soon as he had beaten him at the game, he thrust him into the bag that had been provided for him. When he had pushed in the last one, he fastened the bag and lay down again on the bed to wait for the dawn. At the first crowing of the cock, the old woman knocked at the door of the red chamber and inquired whether the stranger, was still alive. 'Oh yes, I am alive,' replied Moustache; 'and I want you to send immediately for all the blacksmiths round about; for I have work for them to do.' His orders were obeyed, and when the blacksmiths arrived, he placed the bag of devils on an anvil and said, 'now my boys thump away, and don't be frightened at the noise you will hear.' The blacksmiths plied their hammers, and the crushed devils began to cry out like wagon-wheels that needed greasing. After they had begged a while for mercy, Moustache told the blacksmiths to stop pounding while he entered into conversation with his prisoners. When he had made a compact with them that they would never again come upon earth to trouble Christians, he opened the bag and let them run.

"The mansion being thus cleared of them, Moustache was married to the young princess. But the happiness of this world is like the grass of the fields or the flowers of the meadows, which are mowed down in the midst of their verdure and fragrance. At the end of one blissful year, Moustache died. However, being once dead, he was not disconcerted by the change in his prospects. He saw two roads before him. One looked difficult and seemed to be full of thorns. The other appeared to be a royal route, for it was thronged with crowds of people, as if some great Fair were going on in the neighborhood. Moustache, who was fond of his ease and liked company, took the great road, which brought him directly to the gate of hell. He knocked, and Beelzebub called out, 'Who's there?' 'It is I, Moustache,' replied the disembodied spirit, 'Open the door.' 'Get you gone!' exclaimed the Devil. 'We don't want you here. You are too cunning for us, my boy.'

"Moustache, who had politely taken off his cap, quietly put it on again and retraced his steps. When he came to the parting of the roads, he entered the narrow and thorny path, which brought him to the gate of Paradise. When he knocked, St. Peter showed his head at the wicket. 'Is that you, Moustache?' inquired he. 'What are you after here? 'I have come to seek my place,' replied Moustache. 'There is no place in Paradise for you,' answed St. Peter. 'You refused to ask for one, when Jesus Christ offered to grant three of your wishes. You may go elsewhere.' And St. Peter shut the wicket.

"Poor Moustache felt very foolish when he found his company was not wanted either by devils or angels. He rubbed his head like a philosopher studying a difficult problem. Luckily, however, he was a chap who could sell the Virgin Mary without damning himself. He began to think how he could outwit the porter of Paradise. He took his cap in his two hands and threw it over the gate with all his force. Then he knocked again, and when St. Peter demanded what he wanted, he said, 'Open the gate, that I may come in and search for my cap. I gave it a toss, in my rage, and it flew over the gate into Paradise.' 'A wise man never separates himself from his cap,' answered St. Peter. 'You can't come in.' 'If that is the case,' rejoined Moustache, 'the cap will stay in Paradise and keep a place for me till the resurrection. You say a wise man will never separate himself from his cap; so, after the judgment you will be obliged to let me come in among the blest.' St Peter was so much struck by this argument, that he opened the gate, saying, 'Come in then and look for it; but go out again directly.' But as soon as Moustache entered, he ran into Paradise like a horse newly turned out to grass. He seated himself on his cap, tailor-fashion, and exclaimed, 'St. Peter, you yourself have said that a wise man never separates himself from his cap; and I am not going to quit m

fellow! I won't put up with them," vociferated the wrathful old man.

"Zounds! what a temper you have," exclaimed Matthew. "But come, sir, let us smoke a cigar together and be friends." He held out a cigar-case, as he spoke, and the old man, though he never smoked, took one, that he might not appear impolite. "I suppose you wish to see his Majesty?" resumed he, in a more amicable tone. "What is your name?" Matthew presented his card. "I see you are a namesake of an old comrade of mine who was a scrivener," said the gatekeeper. "But I shan't serve you any the more for that. I will however, convey your request to his Majesty."

He went in, and soon returned saying, "My master objected to receiving you so early, but he finally told me I might admit you." He removed the screen a little, and Matthew squeezed himself in.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, September 28th, 1868.

When John Van Buren made his brief experiment of leadership in the Free Soil party, he was asked by Mike Walsh, "Do you think anybody will believe you honest in these new professions?" And he is said to have answered very seriously, "There are a great many more fools in New York than you think."

What an infinity of complications in human affairs has arisen from God's gift of free will to man, and how constantly we are amazed and puzzled by the exercise of this faculty in unexpected ways. Every now and then the reflection is forced upon us—How can this man, whose life, in great part, we have known, and with whose character we thought ourselves acquainted, how can he possibly express such an opinion, or take such a position? The eccentricities, the inconsistencies and the diversities of real opinion are without end; but when we take into consideration the habit of many men to use language to conceal their thoughts, the complication is indefinitely increased.

A man who was nominated for a certain office delayed his acceptance of it till he could ask his family whether any one of them had ever done anything that he was ashamed of. He might have declined the appointment without asking this, if his chief object was to escape accusation and reproach, for these are sure to come upon the candidate for a public office, with or without foundation. If he replies to calumnious charges, this may occupy a large part of his time and thought; if he leaves such charges unnoticed, his reputation will suffer in the estimation of many whose good opinion is important to him; and yet, there are a dozen people for every vacant place, striving, intriguing, using every form of influence that they or their friends can command, to enter upon the occupancy of it. To a very large class, public activity, conspicuity, and the gratifications of ambition, are the very breath of their nostrils; another class prefer ease and quietness, without being troubled by the obscurity that accompanies these advantages; and the probability is that both these classes will be indefinitely perpetuated.

Our lecture season is about to commence, and the list is headed with a course by Ralph Waldo Emerson, opening about the middle of next month. Mr. Emerson's success, and the interest and value of his lectures, upon whatever subject, are as thoroughly assured beforehand as any future events in this world of ours. He chooses a hall of moderate size, and as a matter of course, the very best audience that the city or town will afford throng to hear him, and thoroughly enjoy what he gives them. It is whispered that, on this occasion, a topic of local interest will be treated in one of the lectures, and that something will be said of the experiment in "Association" formerly tried at Brook Farm, near this city, the enterprise which Mr. Hawthorne touched upon in his "Blithedale Romance."

Of the courses of lectures founded and managed by societies, the first in the field, as usual, is the "Parker Fraternity Course," which is to begin on the 20th of October. Their list of lecturers could hardly be surpassed in eloquence and attractiveness. Wendell Phillips heads the list, and it is hoped and expected that the second lecture will be given by Hon. John Lothrop Motley. These men will of course speak on subjects interesting and important to the whole Nation. But our public, as well as yours, is fond of variety, and the Parker Fraternity, in choosing the best lecturers, do not confine themselves to the best of one class; and they have no sympathy with the man who praised his minister because he never touched upon religion or politics in the pulpit. They think religion properly belongs to daily life, having a right to seven days every week; and they would no more banish that subject from their platform than they would banish politics from their pulpit. Their third lecture therefore, by the Rev. Mr. Nasby, will be an exegesis of the text "Cussed be Canaan." Anna E. Dickinson will come next, in spite of the fact that all who wish to hear her cannot possibly get into the Music Hall. Then Gen. Chamberlain will discourse on Gen. Lee's Surrender, and Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham will give his view of the theology and religion taught by Theodore Parker. Curtis, Tilton and Murdock continue the course, which will be closed by the celebrated traveller in Africa, Du Chaillu, who seems to have shared the fate of Herodotus and Bruce in being thought at first a romancer, until subsequent research showed the correctness of their statements.

The Mercantile Library Association, whose courses of lectures were at the height of popularity when the Parker Fraternity began theirs, have been losing their prestige and their audience by degrees, and seem now to have retired from the lecturing field, discouraged by the losses of their last course. This Society was a child of the old Whigs of Boston, and seemed to be designed to train up the sons and clerks of that set of people in conformity with the ideas of Daniel Webster. If that eminent man could have lived till this time (and understood the impossibility of being himself President of the United States), he would, no doubt, have favored the election of Seymour rather than Grant, as his friend Mr. Peter Harvey is now doing. And the last public action of the Mercantile Library Association—a vote, after an extended debate, that the success of the Seymour and Blair ticket would best subserve the public interests—*looks* as if they were going that way, though circumstances are alleged in favor of a more charitable judgment.

North.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Sept. 27th, 1868.

This city presents no exception to the prevailing fact that the political contest overshadows every other interest. It absorbs such constant and universal attention that people have no thought or inclination concerning aught else. It seems to monopolize the time and attention, engage the energies, and demand the industrious action of our citizens, in a measure hitherto without a parallel. Meetings, parades, flag-raisings follow each other with uninterupted succession, and the hope, the good cheer and the enthusiasm of Republicans, lightens their determined purpose to do all in their power to elect Grant and Colfax. They are supported by undisturbed confidence in a triumphant result, and unlike the rebel Democracy, they are inspirited by the prestige of prospective victory. Yet their efforts are directed with as much zeal and earnestness as though the victory were still unassured.

We may sincerely hope that these varied endeavors, here and elsewhere, will be amply compensated. Under the circumstances, perhaps the defeat of Seymour and Blair may be considered a result worth all the exertion, involved. But the amount of labor and time bestowed, the extensive efforts that are made, the prodigal flow of speech for the promotion of the desired object, ought to yield a far greater reward than the simple defeat of Seymour, or the mere election of Grant. The buoyant hope of the loyal element of the nation has a broader extent than this, comprehending radical changes, and the fearless execution of the best expression of the national will. Let us trust and hope fervently that Grant's election, first presuming that it is to occur, will be fraught with permanent good to the Republic, and be serviceable to those who need the active protection of a just power.

Republican orators, and the editors of Republican newspapers, are apt to be profuse in their bestowal of praise concerning Grant, and their encomiums are uttered with great zeal and applauded with real earnestness, as if there was assurance of truth on the one hand, and sincerity of belief on the other. They eulogise him as an honest man. In this respect may our highest anticipations be realized. His wisdom is extolled, his judgment exalted, his patriotism glorified, and even his statesmanship has been lauded. Let us trust that disappointment may not lurk in ambush to sting us in the future with its vexing thrust, but that the greatest expectations of the most credulous Republican may be established.

Perhaps the liberal praise that is dispensed in Grant's behalf may have an inspiring effect upon his mind, and lead him to seek the standard thus indicated. Should he verify all the assurances, predictions and assertions of his fervent champions, he will prove himself to be a wise and great man. But we may have an opportunity to remind these men of their error. Probably they will be vigilant, however, exerting a salutary influence over their hero, and endeavor to avert disappointment among the people respecting their chosen chief magistrate. At all events it would be well for General Grant to study his portrait as drawn and painted by his zealous advocates, and in his administrative capacity prove to the world that it is a fair likeness.

Mr. Colfax declares in speaking of Grant's Administration, that "we shall have the strong arm of the Executive, representing the will and majesty of a mighty people, declaring and insuring to every citizen, black or white, rich or poor, be he humble or exalted, the safeguard of the nation, and protecting him from every wrong with the shield of our national strength." We can ardently implore that these words may be fully substantiated. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Colfax utters them. His position will doubtless enable him to exert some influence towards promoting their fulfillment. Let colored men remember the good promise. It may become necessary in the future to remind leading Republicans of the brilliant glow with which they gild the political horizon. Good people all over the land who will cast their votes on that side, will demand that the justice they hope for, the beneficent fruits that are so confidently promised, shall in reality bless the future. They do not vote for Grant; they vote for peace. They vote to put the nation in the pathway of prosperity, and in the orbit of freedom. They vote to give national protection to those sorely in need of it, and to clear the land of treason and all its rubbish. They vote for loyalty, enlightenment, progress, humanity and national honor.

Great preparations have been in progress here for some time in behalf of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention, to be held on the first and second of October. Every effort will be made to extend to the multitude of strangers that will be present, the welcome of a generous hospitality. Not for many years has such a vast assemblage met in the shadow of Independence Hall as will be there on this occasion. The general object of the Convention is to aid, befriend and support the Grant and Colfax ticket, and as far as possible to wield a wholesome influence in its favor.

Some of the leading Democrats of this State feign to believe that the Convention is intended as a shelter for a colonizing scheme on a grand scale, and seem to be terribly exercised in consequence. The chairman of their State Committee this morning issues a card of warning and instruction on the snbject, and the Republican journals administer unto the insulting and malevolent person very cordial rebukes. At the same time it is discovered that certain Democrats have been successfully engaged in prosecuting the naturalization business in a very questionable manner, and the affair is now the subject of scrutiny in court. It looks as though somebody will be rightly punished, for the bold offence. Behold politics as a great field for miscellaneous wrong doing, affording varied opportunities for iniquity!

A series of political meetings are in progress at Concert Hall, under the care and patronage of the Union League. They are very popular, judging by the attendance, and are effective in promoting the Republican cause. Among the speakers thus far that have either spoken or been engaged, are James G. Blaine, Horace Maynard, Senator Morton of Indiana, Wilson of Massachusetts, Paterson of New Hampshire, Yates of Illinois. These meetings are held almost nightly, and bear a good part in the busy work of the campaign. We may indulge the hope that some of the numerous meetings that are constantly occurring, while they are designed for a special and immediate effect in the canvass, will reach farther in their consequence, tending to the general improvement of popular sentiment, and awakening a broader, more active and better interest in the questions pertaining to political progress and human rights.

W.

WOMEN CLAIMING SUFFRAGE.

THEY ATTEND A PUBLIC MEETING TO VOTE—THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE DENIED THEM.

A very exciting meeting was held at Mount Vernon, Westchester County, on Saturday evening, on the occasion of several female tax-payers claiming the right to vote on appropriations recommended by the Board of Trustees for contemplated improvements as regards the condition of roads, sidewalks, and other purposes set forth in the call. W. H. Pemberton, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees, was called to the chair, and first submitted for the action of the meeting the propositon to raise $3,000 by tax for highway purposes. Considerable discussion ensued as to the manner in which the money was to be expended, the best way and time of doing the work, and the necessity of having the money on hand when needed for the payment of the labor when done, instead of depending on the whims of the voters. At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. R. J. Law stated that he held in his hand a list of the names of one hundred women, property owners and tax-payers in the village, who claimed the right to have a voice in the question of expending money for public purposes. Mr. Quackenbush quoted from the village charter and State laws on the question of suffrage, to show that women were not qualified to vote. The resolution in favor of raising $3,000 by tax for highway purposes was then voted upon, the names of the male tax-payers being called upon to vote in the matter, and resulted in 56 votes being recorded for the resolution and 47 against it. The announcement was received with great applause. During the discussion of a proposition to appropriate $1,500 to meet the deficit caused the alleged defalcation of a tax-collector of the village, Mrs. Macdonald here rose and remarked that Mrs. Harriet Seaver, a heavy property owner in the village, had just entered the room, and in her behalf she desired to say a few words; but the President intimated that, as there was a question before the meeting, she was out of order. The Chair sustained the objection, and thus disposed of the matter for the present. A resolution to raise seventy-five dollars for rent of Truck House was adopted. Another effort was here made in behalf of the female property owners, as regards their right to vote on appropriations; whereupon Mr. Philip Lucas, Jr., remarked that Mr. Ferguson had voted, and now his wife desired to vote on the same questions. The Chairman stated that he had looked into the matter, and quoted several sections of the village charter, and State laws on the subject which clearly defined who were and who were not legal voters and he therefore decided that the women, although property-owners and tax-payers, were not entitled to vote at that meeting. The decision against the women was hailed with applause by almost the entire array of masculine voters present. Mr. Wingate here appealed from the decision of the chair in behalf of four women, whom he claimed to represent as their attorney. Several citizens protested against Mr. Wingate's interference, contending that he was neither a tax-payer nor resident of the village, and cries of "put him out," "put him out," resounded from all parts of the crowded hall. Mr. G. W. Barnes made a very conciliatory speech, contending that the women had come there in a respectful manner, with the conviction that they had a right to representation in meetings where the expenditure of their money was involved; that feeling diffident in appearing conspicuously before the meeting they had deputed Mr. Wingate to speak for them. All they desired was that the meeting should say whether they were entitled to vote or not, so that in case of a decision against them they might take the necessary measures to bring the matter before the proper authorities. P. S. McClellan also made a few remarks complimentary to the women, and the respect which should be shown them; but, at the same time considered they were not entitled to exercise the right of suffrage under the laws as they now stand. Mrs. Macdonald stated that the Rev. J. H. Shepherd had been in the habit of voting at these meetings, although he owned no property, but merely acted as trustee for his son, while women present, owning property to the amount of $50,000, were denied the privilege. The Chair, in reply, stated that Mr. Shepherd was not entitled to vote, and he had not done so at this meeting. Resolutions in favor of raising one hundred dollars for counsel fees, also two hundred dollars for restraining cattle, were adopted, after which the meeting adjourned.

N. Y. Tribune.

ENGLAND.

THE SEASIDE—THE RESTING PLACE OF GODWIN—MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND MRS. SHELLEY—THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

From our London Correspondent.

Bournemouth, September, 1868.

I have been here a short time rusticating. Bournemouth is an unsophisticated place on the Hampshire coast, some little distance from a railway and out of the beat of holiday-making townsmen. It is chiefly the resort of particular families who "discovered" it a long time ago, and who visit it annually. Its peculiarity is in the beautiful pine woods around. In a few minutes you can leave the beach and be knee-deep in lovely ferns and bright-colored heath, and can ramble on for miles through rich woods, startling squirrels by your tread over the moss-grown paths; or disturbing magpies, or a flock of ringdoves, or a colony of wild rabbits. What the guide book calls "a balmy incense odor" pervades the air, and one can certainly get for himself a delightful change of scene by cultivating the place and penetrating its recesses. But the "humans" of Bournemouth are trying.

Until I came here, I supposed that every Englishman of any education knew something of William Godwin, the author of "Political Justice" and "Caleb Williams;" and of Mary Wollstonecraft, or his wife—the first agitator for woman's rights in the last century. I had an idea that men who had been to the boarding school and had subscribed to a public library were aware of the fact that the poet Shelley married the daughter of that remarkable couple, and that although they might not have read her "Frankenstein," or indeed a single one of her productions, yet had a flitting sense that such a being did once exist. I remembered also that in '51, after the death of Mrs. Shelley, her son, the present Sir Percy Shelley, caused the remains of the old radical writer and his companion to be dug up from a crowded churchyard in London, and had them removed to the beautiful churchyard here, and placed them under one marble slab with their daughter; and remembering this, I anticipated on the part of the inhabitants a readiness to talk about this literary family; perhaps, to tell me something respecting them of which I was ignorant. Alas! for the stolidity of the British middle class mind! for its denseness; tiny canopy! After a fortnight's sojourn, and long conversations with tradesmen, merchants, odd people encountered in walks and at hotels—I have not found a single individual having the slightest notion as to who Godwin was. Though they must have seen his tombstone hundred of times, they never appear to have asked of each other a question as to his history. The "Illustrated, Historical, and Picturesque Guide to Bournemouth," written last year, describes minutely every little detail which it is conjectured can add interest to the place, but not a syllable is said as to the dust which its churchyard contains. One chemist, from whom I tried to get a date, was under the impression that William Godwin was the father of Mr. Goldwin Smith!

Of course there are people in the neighborhood who are better informed. One of the number is the clergyman. The reverend gentleman happens to be a ritualist of the highest range. There are services (to twenty people) three times a day; bowing and posturing and costume-wearing and chanting, as though worship was all a theatrical performance. The late Mr. Kebbe died here, and a window has been placed in the church to his memory; but the author of the "Christian Year," though very advanced in his closing days, is left behind by the present rector of "St. Peter's." When Sir Percy Shelley effected the removal of which I have spoken, there was no service whatever. The coffins was simply laid in the grave—I am told it was at night—and the earth filled in. Three years afterwards Sir Percy proposed to this clergyman to place a memorial to his (Sir Percy's) father, the poet in the church. Mr. Weeks, a celebrated sculptor, had executed an exquisite work which was ready, and which in no way committed his reverence. But the idea was profanation. If Sir Percy chose to give a sum for the good of the church, or to build a steeple, or endow a curacy, it should be accepted; but a memorial, which, while it made conspicuous so dreadful a writer as Shelley, in no way assisted the clergy, was shocking. The baronet had already strained the clerical conscience to the utmost in the matter of the gravestone; the interior of the church at least must be secure. Consequently the son had to turn elsewhere. Five miles off is a noble old church which gives to a borough the name of Christchurch—a buildin gone half of which dates from the time of the Normans, and in which are many conspicuous monuments, partly defaced unhappily by Cromwell's soldiers. Here the doctrine is not so "high" above the walk of ordinary men, and the clergy are inspired by common sense. By them the request was at once assented to, and although it is a pity the memorial should be separated, the visitor recognizes that the venerable pile of Christchurch is the fitter spot for a record of Shelley than the bran new edifice of modern Puseyism at Bournemouth.

The churyard at Bournemouth is one of the most beautiful in England. It slopes gently down from a hill, and beech, ash, pine and laurel trees wave to and fro amongst the graves. The sea is not in view, but the noise of the waves reaches the ear in a low murmuring sound. Just where the slope begins, and a little away from a cluster of evergreens, is a slab raised about two feet from the soil. A low iron railing, over which a creeper has intertwined its leaves, surrounds the tomb, and the space between the railing and the marble is filled with rose bushes, geraniums and myrtle, some of which trail over the face of the slab. Here lie the veteran philospher, his wife and their child. On one side of the slab is the following inscription:

Willian Goodwin, author of "Political Justice"
Born March 3d 1756 Died April 7th 1736
Aged 80 years.

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin
Author of "A Vindication of the rights of woman"
Born April 27th 1759. Died Sept 10th 1797
Their remains were removed hither from the churchyard of St. Francras, London, Anno Domini 1851.

On the other side is the inscription to Mrs. Shelley:

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly
Daughter of William & Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin
and widow of the late Percy Bysshe Shelly,
Born 30th Aug 1797. Died Feb 1st 1851.

The above words are so cut as not to occupy more than half of the surface of the facet—room being left apparently for another name, probably that of the son who is living in the neighborhood.

The extreme plainness and simplicity of the above is in keeping with the lives of the people it commemorates. I have copied every word. Scattered over the churchyard are crosses by the hundred, from the tall, lofty pieces of stone, to little ones the size of the hand. Very near is a tombstone on which a huge cross is laid. All round, too, are expressions of affection or eulogy, cut in by the sculptor's chisel. But no emblem nor a syllable of praise is seen over Godwin's grave. This almost forgotten writer had a career which in these days seems full of anomalies. He was born at a town called Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, and was the son of a dissenting preacher. Part of his education was given at a college of Independents at Hoxton, and from 1778 to 1783 he was the pastor of a congregation of Independents. Turning at the latter date to authorship for a livelihood, he published "Historical Sketches," in the form of sermons; but these excited no attention. He next published his famous work on "Political Justice," which at once became the subject of violent controversy. "Caleb Williams" followed, and in 1797 he published a series of essays with the title of the "Enquirer." About the same time he married Mary Wollstonecraft. Besides her "Vindication," she was the authoress of a work of fiction, of articles in the Analytical Review, and of a reply to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. She had certainly "vindicated" her own right to do as she pleased. Previous to her connection with Godwin, she had entertained a violent passion for Fuseli, and an American named Imlay. She died in childbed. In 1801 Godwin married a second time, and had a son who, after becoming an expert Parliamentary reporter, died of cholera in 1832. Among the later works which are associated with Godwin's name, the most noteworthy is a "History of the Commonwealth of England," in four volumes, which appeared between 1824 and 1828. The design of the author is well indicated by this motto from Burke in the title page: "To attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten." Godwin merits praise for having been the first to do justice to the great heroes of the Commonwealth. When Earl Grey became premier in 1830 he bestowed a sinecure on Godwin—that of yeoman exchequer. He was thus enabled to spend his later days in comparative comfort. His "Political Justice" is a plea for straightforward rectitude at all costs, and a protest against expediency and trimming, with however, so many blunders as to be a caricature of his subject. When he starts upon a false premise he goes on logically, not seeing that he is rushing into an absurdity. Still there is much good in it, and its faults are never misleading.

The memorial to Shelley in Christchurch consists of the figure of Mrs. Shelley, partly supporting on one knee the body of her husband. Pieces of sea-weed and rock round his feet, and the prow of a boat at the side, tell of the manner of his death. Mrs. Shelley's pure classic features seem moved with bitter grief as she gazes wretchedly into the face of the dead. One of her arms is at the back, the other lies on his bare chest. The aspect of Shelley's countenance, and the pose of his limbs are dreadfully eloquent not only of death but of death by drowning. This strikes every spectator who has had the pain of looking upon a body taken from the water. The figures are life-size. Beneath, the following words are chiselled. I quote them precisely as they are given:

To the Memory of
Percy Bykshe Shelley
Poet.
Born at Field Place in the County of Sussex
August 1792.
Drowned by the upsetting of his boat in the gulf
of Spezzia July 1822.
His ashes are interred in the Protestant Burial
Ground at Rome.

Also to the Memory of
Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, his wife.
Born August 30, 1797: died Febuary 1,
1851.
Her remains are interred, together with those of
her father, William Godwin,
And her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin,
In the churchyard at Bournemouth.

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
Envy and calumny and hate and pain;
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

Shelley's Adonais.

This memorial stands in the wall of the church. Near it are some of the queer tablets in which the more ancient parish churches abound. The one closest by records the fact that a worthy whose name I forgot to jot down, left twenty shillings to be paid to some "godly minister" every 1st of January if he preaches a sermon on "man's misery in his natural condition." In the next, the legacy mentioned is of larger amount, but the conditions are correspondingly onerous, seeing that the preacher is each year to enlarge upon the circumstance that on such and such a day the testator escaped some unstated peril. Nothing is said of the dangers surrounding all men. The clergyman is to be hired to confine himself to one.

Sir Percy Shelley, to whose filial regard the memorial is due, has a passion, like his father, for the sea. He has a yacht and lives on board it in the summer. He is usually on the Mediterranean, and is better known to the captains there than to the inhabitants of Bournemouth, amongst whom the estate is situated. He is one of the best practical yachtsmen going, and sails his own vessel. When at home he is always ready to support a good and liberal cause. The natives take him entirely on his individual merits, and never associate him in their thoughts with his father or mother. That he is a man with a title, and living up to his income, is pretty well all they know. He attends the church at Christchurch once on the Sunday when at a country house, but some of the authorities there deplored to me his indifference to church matters. In his pew is a little, prim stove, looking as though it had not been used for some time. Sir Percy is married, but is childless. Fond of children, he has twice adopted a child. One has lately married, and a second—a beautiful girl—is living with him. He and his wife are extremely fond of amateur theatricals, and when here in the winter are accustomed to invite all the chief tradespeople of the place to Boscombe House (Sir Percy's residence) for a night to entertain them royally, and to give them the opportunity of seeing the baronet and her ladyship perform. I am assured that they are excellent actors, but I am bound to add that my informants seemed to think more of what they described as "a magnificent spread" than of the merits of the dramatic representation. The late Mrs. Shelley, who survived the poet nearly thirty years, and was only twenty-five years old when he died, is spoken of here as "a very nice-looking old lady." She was but fifty-four at her decease, yet it is said her hair was silvery and her fine figure bowed. Godwin survived his son-in-law fourteen years and his own young wife thirty-nine years. The present Lady Shelley takes the deepest interest in the memory of her husband's father, and the "Memorials" published in the name of her husband were really put together by her. She has the best qualities of an English lady. She was a widow—Mrs. St. John—when she married Sir Percy.

London Cor. Boston Daily Advertiser.

LITERARY.

What Answer? A Story of To-day. By Anna E. Dickinson. 301 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Miss Dickinson's story, to which we referred in our last issue, made its appearance on the 24th inst, a handsomely bound volume of three hundred and one pages, from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

The hero of the story, Mr. Surrey, is a wealthy and truly noble-hearted young man of New York; the heroine, Miss Ercildoune, is a womanly, beautiful and highly educated young lady, an octoroon. In Mr. Ercildoune, the father of the heroine, Abolitionists will find a pleasantly sketched portrait of one whom they will readily recognize. The story opens with an account of Mr. Surrey, and his chance meeting with Miss Ercildoune in New York. The father of young Surrey is a wealthy manufacturer. In his employ are hundreds of men. Among them, is one young colored man, Franklin, who works his way upward by his industry efficiency and general trustworthiness, from errand boy and servant of the workmen, to the responsible position of book-keeper of the establishment. This promotion excites the ire of the workmen, who did not object to his color, and were well enough pleased with him while he was their servant, but they could not endure to see him advance, as they conceived, beyond his normal sphere. They threaten to strike, if Franklin is not removed, and depute a leader to make their protest to Mr. Surrey, who is requested to present the matter to his father. This leader, Jim, represents the negro hatred, which unfortunately still prevails with too large a class of workingmen, when he speaks, as follows:

"Well, he's a nigger! there's the long and short of it. Nobody here'd object to his working in this place, providing he was a runner, or an errand-boy, or anything that its right and proper for a nigger to be; but to have him sitting in that office, writing letters for the boss, and going over the books, and superintending the accounts of the fellows, so that he knows just what they get on Saturday nights, and being as fine as a fiddle, is what the boys won't stand; and they swear they'll leave, every man of 'em, unless he has his walking papers,—double quick too."

* * * "I know all about Franklin. He's a bright one, smart enough to stock a lot of us with brains and have some to spare; he don't interfere with us, and does his work well, too, I reckon,—though that's neither here nor there, nor none of our business if the boss is satisfied; and he looks like a gentlemen, and acts like one, there's no denying that! and as for his skin,—well!" a smile breaking over his good-looking face, "his skin's quite as white as mine now, anyway," smearing his red-flannel arm over his grimy phiz; "but then, sir, it won't rub off. He's a nigger, and there's no getting round it. * * * Well you may talk agen it, and work agen it, and fight agen it till all's blue, and what good'll it do? You can't get an Irishman, and, what's more, a free-born American citizen, to put himself on a level with a nigger,—not by no manner of means. No, sir; you can turn out the whole lot, and get another after it, and another after that, and so on to the end of the chapter, and you can't find men among 'em all that'll stay and have him strutting through 'em, up to his stool and his books, grand as a peacock."

"Would they work *with* him?" Mr. Survey asks.

"At the same engines, and the like, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Nary time, so 't ain't likely they'll work under him. Now, sir, you see I know what I'm saying, and I'm saying it to *you*, Mr. Surrey, and not to your father, because he won't take a word from me nor nobody else,—and here's just the case. Now I ain't bullying, you understand, and I say it because somebody else 'd say it, if I did'nt, uglier and rougher. Abe Franklin'll have to go out of this shop in precious short order, or every man here'll bolt next Saturday night."

Young Surrey though deeply interested in behalf of Franklin is powerless either to prevent his dismissal, as demanded by the men, or, on account of his color, to procure for him another good situation, but befriends him as best he can in another way.

Just at this period came the memorable call to arms in 1861. Surrey is a member of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, and responds with alacrity to the call. Miss Ercildoune is educated at a very select school, and is the intimate friend of a cousin of Surrey's. He attends the commencement exercises to listen to his cousin's graduating essay, and hears also Miss Ercildoun's which is upon "Slavery"—upon "that or nothing." Entranced by her voice and manner, and filled with admiration for her great beauty, he soon after meets her in the home of his cousin, where their acquaintance begins. They serve to illustrate Miss Dickinson's interpretation of what constitutes a natural fitness for the relation of marriage. She says:

"There are souls that are created for one another in the eternities, hearts are predestined each to each, from the absolute necessities of their nature; and when this man and this woman come face to face, these hearts throb and are one; these souls recognize "my master!" "my mistress!" at the first glance, without words uttered or vows pronouced.

These two young lives, so fresh, so beautiful; these beings, in many things such antipodes, so utterly dissimilar in person, so unlike, yet like; their whole acquaintance a glance on a crowded street and these few hours of meeting,—looked into one another's eyes, and felt their whole nature set each to each, as the vast tide "of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore at the full moon."

These things are possible. Friendship is excellent, and friendship may be called love; but it is not love. It may be more enduring and placidly satisfying in the end; it may be better, and wiser, and more prudent, for acquaintance to beget esteem, and esteem regard, and regard affection, and affection an interchange of peaceful vows: the result, a well-ordered life and home. All this is admirable, no doubt; an owl is a bird when you can get no other; but the love born of a moment, yet born of eternity, which comes but once in a life-time, and to not one in a thousand lives, unquestioning, unthinking, investigating nothing, proving nothing, sufficient unto itself,—ah, that is divine; and this divine ecstasy filled these two souls."

Mr. Surrey does not "intuitively" recognize the presence of a moiety of the blood of the colored race in the veins of her to whom he is so strongly drawn, and to leave whom is his chief trial incident to taking his departure for the war.

Jim, the foreman of Mr. Surrey's establishment, also hurries off to the war, and by his subsequent experiences, like many other of his soldier companions, learns to respect the humanity of the colored man, irrespective of the accident of his complexion.

After Mr. Surrey has gone with his regiment to the field, the fact of Miss Ercildoune's connection with the colored race is discovered by his family. They are shocked and horrified, though they had previously shared his admiration for her, and greeted her with great cordiality both for her own, and his sake. Without following the two through their subsequent painful experiences, suffice it to say that, drawn irresistably together by ardent and natural attachment, not dependent upon the accident of color, they very properly marry. Against this denouement of the story, copperheads will exclaim, and stigmatize it as "miscegenation;" with the old license of slaveholders, however, and the rearing of their semi-colored offspring for the market, they were well enough pleased.

To the efficient service and marked heroism of the colored soldiers, Miss Dickinson pays an eloquent tribute. From her account of the memorable storming of Fort Wagner we present the following extract:

"We are ordered and expected to take Battery Wagner at the point of the bayonet. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir! ready!" was the answer.

And the order went pealing down the line, "Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Forward! Double-quick, march!"—and away they went, under a scattering fire, in one compact line till within one hundred feet of the fort, when the storm of death broke upon them. Every gun belched forth its great shot and shell; every rifle whizzed out its sharp-singing, death-freighted messenger. The men wavered not for an instant; forward—forward they went; plunged into the ditch; waded through the deep water, no longer of muddy hue, but stained crimson with their blood; and commenced to climb the parapet. The foremost line fell, and then the next, and the next. The ground was strewn with the wrecks of humanity, scattered prostrate, silent, where they fell—or rolling under the very feet of the living comrades who swept onward to fill their places. On, over the piled-up mounds of dead and dying, of wounded and slain, to the mouth of the battery; seizing the guns; bayoneting the gunners at their posts; planting their flag and struggling around it; their leader on the walls, his blue eyes blazing, his fair face aflame, his clear voice calling out, "Forward, my brave boys!"—then plunging into the hell of battle before him. Forward it was. They followed him, gathered about him, gained an angle of the fort, and fought where he fell, around his prostrate body, over his peaceful heart—shielding its dead silence by their living, pulsating ones—till they, too, were stricken down; then hacked, hewn, battered, mangled, heroic, yet overcome, the remnant was beaten back.

Ably sustained by their supporters, Anglo-African and Anglo-Saxon vied together to carry off the palm of courage and glory. All the world knows the last fought with heroism sublime; all the world forgets this and them in contemplating the deeds and the death of their compatriots. Said Napoleon at Austerlitz to a young Russian officer, overwhelmed with shame at yielding his sword, "Young man, be consoled; those who are conquered by my soldiers may still have titles to glory." To say that on that memorable night the last were surpassed by the first is still to leave ample margin on which to write in glowing characters the record of their deeds.

As the men were clambering up the parapet their color-sergeant was shot dead, the colors trailing stained and wet in the dust beside him. Ercildoune, who was just behind, sprang forward, seized the staff from his dying hand, and mounted with it upward. A ball struck his right arm, yet ere it could fall shattered by his side, his left hand caught the flag and carried it onward. Even in the mad sweep of assault and death, the men around him found breath and time to hurrah, and those behind him pressed more gallantly forward to follow such a lead. He kept in his place, the colors flying—though faint with loss of blood and wrung with agony—up the slippery steep; up to the walls of the fort; on the wall itself, planting the flag where the men made that brief, splendid stand, and melted away like snow before furnace-heat. Here a bayonet thrust met him and brought him down, a great wound in his brave breast, but he did not yield; dropping to his knees, pressing his unbroken arm upon the gaping wound—bracing himself against a dead comrade—the colors still flew; an inspiration to the men about him; a defiance to the foe.

At last when the shattered ranks fell back, sullenly and slowly retreating, it was seen by those who watched him—men lying for three hundred rods around in every form of wounded suffering—that he was painfully working his way downward, still holding aloft the flag, bent evidently on saving it, and saving it as flag had rarely, if ever, been saved before.

Some of the men had crawled, some had been carried, some hastily caught up and helped by comrades to a sheltered tent out of range of the fire; a hospital tent, they called it, if anything could bear that name which was but a place where men could lie to suffer and expire, without a bandage, a surgeon, or even a drop of cooling water to moisten parched and dying lips. Among these was Jim. He had a small field-glass in his pocket, and forgot or ignored his pain in his eager interest of watching through this the progress of the man and the flag, and reporting accounts to his no less eager companions. Black soldiers and white were mad with excitement over the deed; and fear lest the colors which had not yet dipped should at last bite the ground.

Now and then he paused at some impediment: it was where the dead and dying were piled so thickly as to compel him to make a detour. Now and then he rested a moment to press his arm tighter against his torn and open breast. The rain fell in such torrents, the evening shadows were gathering so thickly, that they could scarcely trace his course, long before it was ended.

Slowly, painly, he dragged himself onward—step by step down the hill, inch by inch across the ground—to the door of the hospital; and then, while dying eyes brightened—dying hands and even shattered stumps were thrown into the air—in brief, while dying men held back their souls from the eternities to cheer him—gasped out, "I did—but do—my duty, boys—and the dear—old flag—never once—touched the ground"—and then, away from the reach and sight of its foes, in the midst of its defenders, who loved and were dying for it, the flag at last fell.

* * * * * * * * * *

Meanwhile, other troops had gone up to the encounter; other regiments strove to win what these men had failed to gain; and through the night, and the storm, and the terrific reception, did their gallant endeavor—in vain.

* * * * * * * * * *

The next day a flag of truce went up to beg the body of the heroic young chief who had so led that marvellous assault. It came back without him. A ditch, deep and wide, had been dug; his body, and those of twenty-two of his men found dead upon and about him, flung into it in one common heap; and the word sent back was, "We have buried him with his niggers."

It was well done. The fair, sweet face and gallant breast lie peacefully enough under their stately monument of ebony.

It was well done. What more fitting close of such a life—what fate more welcome to him who had fought with them, had loved, and believed in them, had led them to death—than to lie with them when they died?

It was well done. Slavery buried these men, black and white, together—black and white in a common grave. Let Liberty see to it, then, that black and white be raised together in a life better than the old.

As one of the most noteworthy incidents of the war, remarkable especially for the shocking barbarity visited upon innocent and unoffending colored people, the story of the New York riot, in which Mr. Surrey and Miss Ercildoune, then married, are sacrificed, is told with thrilling effect. The faithfully sketched portrait of Gov. Seymour is one from which he and his political friends may well shrink, and its presentation to the public in this book just now is very opportune.

The concluding chapter intimates that the war is not yet ended, that the conflict will continue until, at the polls and in society, all invidious distinctions on account of color have been abolished. We quote:

That afternoon, as Tom (Surrey's aristocratic but generous-hearted cousin) and Robert (Miss Ercildoune's brother, both returned soldiers) were driving, Russell, noting the unwonted look of life and activity, and the gay flags flung to the breeze, demanded what it all meant. "Why," said he, "it is like a field day."

"It is so," answered Robert, "or what is the same; it is election day."

"Bless my soul! so it is; and a soldier to be elected. Have you voted?"

"No!"

"No? Here's a nice state of affairs! a fellow that'll get his arm blown off for a flag, but won't take the trouble to drop a scrap of paper for it. Come, I'll drive you over."

"You forget, Russell!"

"Forget? Nonsense! This is n't 1860, but 1865. I don't forget; I remember. It is after the war now—come."

"As you please," said Robert. He knew the disappointment that awaited his friend, but he would not thwart him now.

There was a great crowd about the polling-office, and they all looked on with curious interest as the two young men came up. No demonstration was made, though a half-dozen brutal fellows uttered some coarse remarks.

"Hear the damned Rebs talk!" said a man in the army blue, who, with keen eyes, was observing the scene. "They're the same sort of stuff we licked in Carolina."

"Ay," said another, "but with a difference; blue led there; but gray'll come off winner here, or I'm mistaken."

Robert stood leaning upon his cane; a support which he would need for life; one empty sleeve pinned across his breast, over the scar from a deep and yet unhealed wound. The clear October sun shone down upon his form and face, upon the broad folds of the flag that waved in triumph above him, upon a

Miscellaneous Department.

THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

I WOULD build a cloudy house
For my thoughts to live in,
When for health too fancy-lose,
And too low for heaven.
I sleep, and talk my dream aloud,
I build it fair to see—
I build it on the moonlit cloud,
To which I look'd with thee.

Cloud walls of the morning's grey,
Faced with amber column,
Crown'd with crimson cupola
From a sunset solemn—
For casements, from the valley fetch
May-mists glimmering—
With a sun-beam hid in each,
And a smell of spring.

Build the entrance high and proud,
Darkening and eke brightening,
Of a riven thunder-cloud
Veined with the lightning,
Use one with an iris stain,
For the door within,
Turning to a sound like rain,
As we enter in.

For the fair hall reach'd thereby,
Walled with cloudy whiteness,
Take the blue place in the sky,
Wind-work'd into brightness—
Whence corridors and long degrees
Of cloud-stairs wind away—
Till children wish upon their knees,
They walked where they pray.

Be my chamber tapestried
With the showers of summer,
Close and silent, glorified
When the sunbeams come there—
Sudden harpers, hanging on
Every drop as such—
Drawing colors like a tune,
Measured to the touch.

Bring a shadow green and still
From the chestnut forest—
Bring a purple from the hill
When the heat is sorest;
Spread them out from wall to wall,
Carpet wove around:
And thereupon the foot shall fall
In light, instead of sound.

Bring a gray cloud from the East,
Where the lark was singing—
Something of the song at least
Lose not in the bringing—
And that shall be a morning chair
For poet dreams—when with them
No verse constraint—the floating air
Their only, lovely rhythm.

Bring the red cloud from the sun—
While he sinketh, catch it—
Bring it for a couch, with one
Side-long star to watch it—
Fit for a poet's finest thought,
At curfew time to lean;
When things invisible are brought
More near him than the seen.

Poet's thought, not poet's sigh!
Alas! they come together!
Cloudy walls divide and fly,
As if in April weather.
Hall, corridor, and column proud—
My chamber fair to see—
All pass, except the moonlit cloud
To which I look'd with thee.

Let them!—Wipe such visionings
From the fancy's cartel;
Love secures some frailest things,
Dower'd with his immortal;
Suns, moons may darken—heav'n be bow'd,
But here unchanged shall be,
Here in my soul, that moonlit cloud,
To which I look'd with thee.

TAMERLANE'S LIBRARY.

THE RUSSIAN CAPTURE OF SAMARCAND, AND THE BOOKS DEPOSITED IN THAT CITY BY THE TARTAR CONQUEROR.

THE American press has just circulated the fact that the Russians, in their frontier wars, have captured the city of Samarcand. This naked announcement, made without comment, has scarcely provoked a moment's attention, on the part of the reader, and yet it is one of probably vast historical and perhaps scientific importance, as will be shown below:

The destruction of books of recorded facts and thoughts, seems to have been one of the fixed and determined purposes of most ancient conquerors. A modern writer thus groups some of the scientific, literary and historical spoilations of Africa, and of that great people, the Arabs:

"Alexander destroyed the library of Tyre; those of Sidon perished in the flames with their wealth and themselves. The whole mass of the recorded thought of Carthage was destroyed by the Romans, except a small portion reserved for a present. The Alexandrian library was destroyed by the troops of Julius Cæsar. Domitian endeavored to repair these disasters by getting the manuscripts of private collections copied, and ransacking Africa for the best works. These were deposited in the Temple of Peace, and these destroyed, by fire, under Commodus. Finally, the gleanings of Rome were carried off by Genserie, and lost at sea. The persecutions of the Donatists led to the burning, all over Africa, of books and manuscripts. The Mussulman conquests led to fresh burnings, and the great African collections of Alexandria again perished, under Omar. The *six hundred thousand volumes* of Cordova, and the enormous collections of the learned cities of the Moors, perished by Christian and Gothic hands. The Library of Tunis was destroyed by Charles V.; Muley Hassan lamented it more than his city. After the ravages of war had ceased Cardinal Ximenes consigned to the flames eighty-eight thousand African manuscripts. Lastly came the capture of the library of the King of Morocco, a portion of which constitutes the collection of the Escurial; and this, again, has suffered by fire."

To all these wholesale destructions of the mental labors of early men must be added the vast book productions of ancient Egypt, burned by that wholesale destroyer Cambyses. Fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, Ramises III, (Sesostris) was Pharoah of Upper and of Lower Egypt; and among his other wars he lead an Egyptian army quite through to Persia. One thousand years later, in the history of man, Cambyses being then King of Persia, invaded Egypt, with a Persian army, and conquered it. Egypt then was, and for long ages had been, literally, a land of books, and her vast libraries contained the recorded thoughts of the best minds for a long series of prior generations. But the ruthless Persian spared no portion of these vast mental treasures, so that the light they might have shed upon the world was thus extinguished forever. We still indeed find, and carved in stone, upon the jambs of what were once the portals of vast Egyptian libraries, both the emblematic insignia and the written language inscriptions which were of old employed to indicate the use of these "Halls of Books"—but this is all the despoiler has left us!

But amid all this vast destruction of the mental records left by men who have long since passed away, there still remains to us a remnant, and perhaps a very important one, of such record, upon which the design of this paper is to fix present publication.

In our opening we stated that the Russians had captured the city of Samarcand—and we there proposed to say something more of this important event.

Samarcand is, or rather *was*, the capitol of Independent Tartary. It was once the seat of a powerful empire, and of most extended learning. Tamerlane, who long reigned here, gave free encouragement to learning, institutions for the pursuit of which were, for a long time, both numerous and extensive in this city. The Persian and the Arabic languages were alike employed by teachers and authors here. The well-known astronomer, Ulug Beg, was a grandson of Tamerlane, and was educated here. In a word, Samarcand was a celebrated university for eastern science; and even so late as the last century, had still a flourishing school for Mahomedan literature and science.

Tamerlane, who died in 1405, and whose tomb is at Samarcand, made it a point in all his conquests, to collect and send to his capital, all the books and writings that fell in his way. These he did not destroy, but caused them to be deposited in the castle, with strict orders that none should ever be removed, and that all examination of them should be rigidly prohibited. This collection, of indefinite amount, and necessarily of the most mixed character, was thus deposited in the castle, and the monarch dying and leaving his order as a religious injunction unrepealed, the keepers of these hidden treasures have still guarded them, as at the first.

In the year 1845, if our memory be not at fault, we read, in some of the Paris journals an announcement of the return, to that city, of a Frenchman, from long rambles in Turkey, Tartary, etc. The better to favor his views, and to protect his person, he had adopted the Mahomedan religion, and taken orders as a priest of that faith. So successful was he, in all this, that he everywhere passed as a native Turk, and was fully respected in his office, which brought to him all the privileges pertaining thereto. Familiar with the title which history had divulged in regard to this deposit of books, he visited Samarcand with the view of learning what he could respecting it. He found that members of the priesthood, *alone*, were ever admitted within the ponderous walls of the castle where these books were stored, and this only for a single hour each. He made the entry, and spent his brief hour among these books. Of course he could read none and even open very few in that time. All the account he could give was that the quantity was very vast, varying greatly in size, and that they were for the most part piled, without order or regularity upon the floors. Some ten years subsequent to this publication, about 1855, the Paris Press sent forth another announcement, differing from this only in some unimportant details. This account relates to a similar visit to this great book depository; but whether it has reference to the same individual or to another, seems wholly unimportant here.

And now, of this vast collection of books, that has been so long hidden from the world. The keepers of them are Mahomedans, and in what they have done have but obeyed the theological mandate of their great leader; but Russia, whose religious creed is that of the Greek Church, has reached Samarcand, as a conquest, and now has, therefore, control of these mental treasures. There may or may not, be a right of property in the books themselves, that should be respected; but we contend that no right *can exist*, on the part of any, to withhold the contents of these books from the world; and the theological dogma, therefore, which has so long refused to the nations the knowledge and the use of what the authors of the contents of these books have consigned therein, for the especial benefit of those who were to come after them, can offer no claim to defence or justification in any age, and least of all in this. It is to Russia, then, that we have a just right to courteously look for the unlocking of these prison doors and the sending abroad among the nations, those thoughts that have so long slept in this Mahomedan dungeon. This is no question of politics, requiring the entanglements of diplomacy, but one purely of letters, in which all nations and people have equal interests. Suppose, then, our government be first in the field, with respectful solicitations of the Russian government for the prompt release of the contents of all these books, to the light of day. Let a government application of this kind be made, joined in, if deemed advisable, by unofficial promoters of mental culture and extension, and none can doubt that the Czar would gladly embrace the occasion to add true glory to his crown, through the benefit he would thus bestow indiscriminately upon all the nations of the earth.

R. W. HASKINS.

THE TWO RABBIS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

THE Rabbi Nathan, two-score years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then,
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint
The faith of Islam reared a domed tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O, stranger!" Whereupon
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each others arms, the two gray men
Wept, praising him whose gracious providence
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense
Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
May purge my soul and make it white like thine.
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awe-struck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair,
"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not read,
'Better the eye should see than that desire
Should wander?' Burning with a hidden fire
That tears and prayers quench not I come to thee
For pity and for help, as thou to me,
Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,
"Pray thou for me Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made the brother's woe his own,
Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
His prayers were answered in another's name;
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:
"*Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;*
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay, the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

Atlantic Monthly, for October.

INSECT SHREWDNESS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LAST week I mentioned some instances of the shrewdness of animals of the larger kind. But I have noticed in the most insignificant insects a like cunning. If there is one creature that seems simple, aimless, thoughtless, it is a fly—the common house-fly. That it is a vexation and a pest in hot days in July and August, all know. But its life seems to consist in tasting everything within its reach, in whirling about in the air in a kind of loose dancing, and in tickling people's faces and hands. But, more attentively watched, one will find traces of mind-qualities even in house-flies.

Curiosity is a very strong feeling in a fly. A strange person coming into the room is at once an object of notice. It is probable that in a quarter of an hour every fly in the room has approached the new-comer, and crept over his clothes. Let any new object be brought into the room, and placed conspicuously—a box, a new dress, or any shining object—and in a moment it will be found that a stream of flies begins to set in toward it, until the novelty is worn off.

Flies are very cunning in eluding attempts to drive them from the room. If a door be set wide open, and two persons with towels, or newspapers, or, better yet, large fly-whisks made of paper, like a cat-o'-nine-tails, begin at the back of the room and drive in concert, the fly can be managed like a flock of sheep. Once or twice gone over, and the room will be measurably free from their annoyance. But some will always be left. A dozen or two will duck under or shoot over your whisks, and defy your driving.

I have so often undertaken to clear a bed-room so that a single fly should not remain, that I have had much observation of the shrewdness of this insect. One fly is as bad as a hundred when a man wishes a quiet nap after dinner. If you exile ninety-nine and leave the one-hundredth, just so sure as you are on the very point of dropping asleep, in that most delectable moment, when the rapture of the disembodied state is more keenly felt than in any other state this side of actual dying, the very fly that had reserved himself for the occasion, issues from behind the head-board, and alights, with a congratulatory hum, upon your cheek, and turns your paradise into a vexation.

How often have I raised up in wrath bent upon vengeance! But the fly has disappeared. I search vainly. I sit perfectly still, thinking that he will reappear in the stillness to explore. Not he! As well as I do he knows that I am watching. If at length I find him on the looking-glass up in the very corner, I dare not strike very hard with my towel for fear of breaking the glass. He had calculated that. Away he goes, in a rejoicing whirl, now before me, now behind, overhead, on the floor, with enough buzzing to furnish a whole band of flies with music! Then, suddenly, all is still. He cannot be found. I look everywhere. The room is small. Practice has made me acquainted with his hiding-places. In none of them can he be found.

At length I lie down, hoping that he has darted out through the slats of the blinds. I am quiet, my thoughts recall the pleasant scenes of life. A soft mist is risirg, and I seem undulating upon its airy billows. Just then, with a delighted whack, as of a familiar friend long absent and sure of his welcome, comes back my fly!

This time I trace him. The clothes-press door is ajar. He steals in there and lies hidden. On another occasion one has crept behind a picture-frame. As good luck would have it, a spider had arranged a pretty little surprise for him, and I had the wicked satisfaction of hearing the sinner buzz out a dying confession of his sins. Not half were told, I'll warrant. Blessings on spiders!

But while, against particular flies, on special occasions, I entertain a spite, I am bound to confess that I place this creature much higher on the scale of intelligence than most people seem to do, or than I did myself before I measured my shrewdness against its, and found myself so often outwitted.

If we had the means of closely watching the small fry of creation, we should discover in them not simply blind instinct, but traces of reason as well. From the brain of a man a silver thread runs down through the animal kingdom to a very low point, uniting all creatures by their common bond.

Whether, in the upward scale, the same line rises through superior intelligences and connects the animated creation with the great Head of All Things, no one can doubt who reads and believes in the words of the Psalmist, who, everywhere and often, unites the whole creation around its common Life, in the Creator.

THERE may be seen daily, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a man clad in faultless apparel, with a great diamond upon his breast, vainly endeavoring to outglitter the magnificent *solitaire* upon his finger. In a German university he learned chemistry, and not even Liebig knows it better. His occupation is the mixing and the adulteration of liquors. Give him a dozen casks of deodorized alcohol, and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or a popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug-store, bearing a large basket on his arm. Five pounds of Iceland moss are first weighed out for him. To raw liquor this imparts a degree of smoothness, of oleagiousness, that gives to imitation brandy the glibness of that which is best matured. An astringent called catchu, that would almost close the mouth of a glass inkstand, is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are quickly conveyed to the vest pocket, and a pound of sulphate of zinc (white vitroil) is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to the liquid poison, are always kept in store. The mixer buys these things in various quarters. They are the staples of his art.

EMERSON AND THE "OLD MANSE."—Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts, is now, by the death, in New York, of his brother William, left the sole survivor of a numerous family of brothers, all remarkable in their several ways. William was the grandson and namesake of that minister of Concord for whom the "Old Manse" was built—that mossy old snuggery of a parsonage which was destined to be made immortal by the genius of the meditative Hawthorne—the truest poet (though he never wrote verse), and the truest genius, of all the celebrities who from time to time have made that obscure Massachusetts village their Mecca or their place of residence. It was this grandfather of William and Ralph Waldo Emerson who, looking from the windows of the "Old Manse" (then a house newly built for him), witnessed the fight at Concord Bridge in 1775—that fight which Emerson has characterized with a diamond pen, and preserved, as in amber, to be seen in its full value and meaning at one glance, in that singularly fine quatrain with which he opens his hymn that was sung in 1838 at the dedication of the modest monument there erected—

"By this rude bridge that spans the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once th' embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

VENERABLE MRS. EMERY OF ANDOVER.—An exchange says Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Mr. Joshua Emery, died recently at West Amesbury, aged ninety-one years, three months. Every old Andoverian, especially if he chanced to be a boarder in the Commons Hall of the Theological Seminary, during the twenty years Mrs. Emery and her husband had the charge of that establishment, must remember with interest, if not with affection, this venerable woman. In her prime there were few women of the energy and capacity for business which she possessed, and among the thousands of students who from time to time ate at her table, there were few who had not some occasion to remember her with affection for kindness shown to them. Prof. Park officiated at her funeral, and paid a deserved tribute to the good woman's memory. She was the mother of the Rev. Joshua Emery of North Weymouth, and Rev. S. Hopkins Emery of Illinois, and formerly of this city.

THE BROOK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally;
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

By thirsty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps—a little town—
And half a hundred bridges.

Till lost by Philip's farm, I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy foreland set,
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling:

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel;
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel:

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

AMONG the quotations in common use, "Dark as pitch," "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," are found in Bunyan. "By hook or crook," "Through thick and thin," are used by Spencer in the "Fairie Queen." "Smell a rat," is employed by Ben Johnson, and by Butler in "Hudibras." "Wrong sow by the ear," (now rendered, "Take the wrong pig by the ear,") is used by Ben Johnson. "Turn over a new leaf," occurs in Middleton's play of "Anything for a Quiet Life." "The moon is made of green cheese," is found in Rabelais. "To die in the last ditch," which is popularly supposed to have originated in the South, during the late rebellion, is traced to William of Orange, who once said: "There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin—I will die in the last ditch."

A BIG fish, for which Prof. Agassiz has offered $500, was caught recently near Eastport, Maine. The *Calais Advertiser* describes it as thirty-three feet in length, and about ten feet from the tip of one fin to the tip of the other across the back. The spread of the tail is over six feet. About ten feet from the tail are two powerful legs, about three feet in length, with feet which resemble that of an elephant, and enable it to navigate the flats and shoal waters along shore in quest of food, as it undoubtedly lives on marine herbage. It has three rows of teeth, which look like so many rows of rice on end. Its name is given as the "Shark Dog Fish."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON always jots down any thought or fancy that comes to him at any time, even rising from his bed at night to do so. On one occasion he got up at two in the morning, when his wife asked, "Are you ill, husband?" "No, my dear, only an idea."

LAMARTINE professes to believe in dreams, and he thinks America is the ideal Republic of which Plato dreamed; quite enough time has elapsed between the vision and its fulfillment, to allow doubting persons to lose faith.

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